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The Week

THE seven years' agony to which Sacco and Vanzetti have been subjected reached its climax of torture last week when they were reprieved for twelve days, less than an hour before they were to die in the electric chair. With a decision pending next day in the Massachusetts Supreme Court in their case, it was unthinkable that they should have been executed; yet there is good reason to believe that the unthinkable nearly took place. So violent is the passion against them of the "better element" of Boston that it needed long hours of discussion before some members of the Governor's Council would abandon their desire to kill the men at once and let the courts discuss their case later. No better commentary is needed on the general atmosphere in which Governor Fuller and his special advisory committee worked as they sought to carry on their "impartial investigation" of the case.

THE reprieve, of course, left Sacco and Vanzetti still in the deadliest peril. As we go to press, the State Supreme Court has not yet handed down its decision on the argument by the defense counsel, Arthur D. Hill, that Judge Thayer's prejudice made it impossible for him to rule fairly on the question of a new trial. If the ruling of this Court is adverse, there is still the possibility of an appeal to the United States Supreme Court on a writ of certiorari, provided one of the Justices is willing to grant it. That the chance is a slender one is indicated by the fact that Mr. Justice Holmes has already decisively refused a writ of habeas corpus, on the ground that no amount of prejudice on the part of a judge destroys the jurisdiction of a court —a ruling which was supported by the similar refusal of Judge Anderson of the United States Circuit Court. If a writ of habeas corpus were granted, it would be heard by the full bench of the United States Supreme Court, which does not [illegible] until October. But even if the Supreme Court considers the case, there is little reason to suppose that it will find grounds for ordering a new trial—not because it would find that Sacco and Vanzetti had been fairly treated, but because of the rigid legal restrictions which are imposed upon federal interference with the state courts. While we hope that a favorable court decision may have been made before this issue of the New Republic reaches its readers, we feel that preparations should be made for action in the event of an adverse one. It is for that reason that we make the suggestion to Governor Fuller, as to a way out of his dilemma, which will be found on page 5 of this issue.

THE New Republic is in receipt of the following statement, to which we are glad to give space. It is signed by Dr. Alice Hamilton, Norman Hapgood, Dr. Haven Emerson, Paul U. Kellogg, and others, and reads:

> If by August 22 the final efforts to secure a new trial for Sacco and Vanzetti have proved fruitless they will be put to death unless Governor Fuller or the federal government intervenes. Massachusetts procedure is unlike that of many jurisdictions and may again constrain its Supreme Court to refuse to con-

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> sider evidence as well as law. Such an outcome would augment rather than allay the sober doubts of the world as to the guilt of these men and the fairness of our treatment of them. It will be remembered that Dreyfus was declared guilty by both the military and civil tribunals of France, only to have his innocence proved later. No similar redress will be possible once these men are executed. To keep that door open will you join with other responsible men and women, believers in America, in an eleventh-hour plea for stay of execution or commutation of sentence until all doubts are resolved and justice achieved? Wire Paul U. Kellogg, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York. Wire Governor Fuller direct. Get your friends to wire.

No doubt, the signers of this statement agree that Sacco and Vanzetti have not yet had a fair trial or an adequate review of their case, and concede that even life imprisonment, under the circumstances, constitutes a terrible miscarriage of justice. However, it would serve the purpose, for the present all-important, of keeping the men alive until the passions which now make fair consideration of their case impossible have subsided. An ultimate verdict of innocence is an academic matter if its subject is dead.

THE Boston police have come none too well out of the incidents associated with the Sacco-Vanzetti case. On several occasions they have broken up peaceable meetings, some conducted with permits, others without, using their clubs brutally on members of the crowd. We quote from the letter of Mr. Creighton J. Hill, in the Boston Herald, as to one of these episodes:

> In fifteen years of newspaper reporting I have never witnessed a scene equalling that on Boston Common this afternoon for needless, unprovoked brutality on the part of the Boston police. . . . I saw one woman knocked down by a blow from a policeman as she was trying to move away. Had there been the least sign of mob danger to warrant Superintendent Crowley's conduct, it might have been at least understandable. But not only were his men outrageously brutal in handling the people but there was not the slightest pretext for what took place. No disorder had occurred. Neither the people in charge of the meeting nor the audience showed the slightest evidence of "inciting to riot" or in any way doing more than engage in the exercise of their constitutional right of free speech.
>
> And yet, without warning, scores of white-faced, nervous young policemen, each one with hand on his gun, literally ran amuck through the crowd. It needed only some impulsive gesture on the part of an excited Italian in that crowd and Boston Common would have been the scene of another Boston massacre. What saved the situation was a law-abiding assembly of citizens who kept their heads while a mob of men in blue uniforms stampeded.

A dozen incidents testify that it is the deliberate purpose of the police to prevent even the most restrained and moderate criticism of Governor Fuller, his advisory committee, and the processes of Massachusetts justice. When an attempt was made by Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers to rent a hall for a meeting, the owner told them he had been ordered by the police not to permit the use of his premises for any such purpose. Those arrested for participating in protest parades, including several well known writers, have been handled with needless roughness, and treated contemptuously by the police court judges before whom they have come. In short, Boston is doing everything it can to justify the charge that the case has become a class war.

THE most important development in Chinese affairs in many weeks is the resignation of Chiang Kai-shek as head of the Nanking government. It was the result of at least four factors: the severe defeats in the field suffered by his armies at the hands of Sun Chuan-fang, the Shantung ally of Chang Tso-lin; the cooling loyalty of Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, who only a few weeks ago made an "anti-Bolshevist" alliance with Chiang, but is now reported to have sent him a letter urging his resignation; the continued hostility of the Hankow government which, even after it had, at least partially, rid itself of Communist influence, did not take any more kindly to Chiang's aspiration; and finally, the disaffection among his own supporters, of whom the military men did not like the possibility of armed conflict with their late fellow Nationalists of Hankow, and the Nanking and Shanghai business men objected to the proposed heavy taxes.

WHAT will happen next, it would be folly to predict. The Nanking government still exists, within the orbit of Feng. It may come to terms with Hankow, which is likewise increasingly under the domination of the militarists; or it may even make an arrangement with Sun Chuan-fang, whose victorious troops are moving southward and are believed by some observers to be likely to occupy both Nanking and Shanghai. If Hankow and Nanking could patch up their differences, their combined forces would again be—as they were a few months ago—the most powerful military group in China, and there is no reason, theoretically, why they should not again move northward and take Peking. The reduction of the Communist element at Hankow to a minimum has destroyed one of the strongest arguments with which Chang Tso-lin rallied to his aid both foreigners and the Northern Chinese. However, with the war-lords more than ever in the foreground of the picture, the whole outlook for the orderly satisfaction of legitimate Chinese aspirations, for autonomy and peace, is dark indeed. We must be prepared for an extended period, perhaps one of years, during which all other internal developments must wait upon the chances of the military situation. That fact, of course, does not re-

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move the obligation upon the United States and other foreign countries to do what they can to rectify the injustices which in the past have been inflicted by force upon China from without. To say that "we shall be prepared to negotiate in regard to unjust relationships only if and when there is one strong national government," is equivalent to saying, "we propose to take advantage of the state of revolution to prolong our enjoyment of special privileges just as much as possible." Such an attitude goes far to confirm the Chinese in their belief that the only way to get fair treatment from a foreigner is to force it at the point of the sword.

THOMAS F. MILLARD, former correspondent of the New York Times in China, is known to readers of the New Republic as an able and experienced student of the situation there. It is impossible to brush aside lightly the charges which he has just made at a session of the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Mass. He declared that the American Legation in China has so acted as virtually to nullify the traditional policy of the United States; that American journalists holding views opposite to the Legation's have been subjected to "intimidation and persecution"; and that because of its sympathy toward the intransigence of representatives of some other countries, our Legation narrowly avoided dangerous diplomatic entanglements. These are extremely serious charges. What has the State Department to say in reply to them?

IT IS generally assumed that, with President Coolidge out of the presidential race, Governor Smith's chance of being the Democratic nominee in 1928 is much enhanced. There was no hope of a victory for any Democrat over Coolidge, the argument runs; there is some hope of a victory over Dawes or Hoover or Longworth or Lowden, and this hope would be increased if the Democratic nominee were Governor Smith, today the strongest personality in his own or any party. There is, of course, plenty of opposition to him within the ranks of the Southern Democracy. Its view is well expressed in the article of Judge Pierre Crabités, a Democrat and a Catholic, in The Outlook, which says Smith is unavailable because he is a wet, because he is not of "ancient American stock," because of Tammany, and because of continuing Protestant prejudice (which Judge Crabités thinks will some day disappear) against any and all Catholics. The majority of political observers believe, however, that, if Smith could get the nomination, the Southern Democrats would still vote for him in sufficient numbers to carry the states of the Solid South. They feel that Mr. Coolidge's withdrawal enhances the New York Governor's chances of success in the convention. The urgent question now is, Will Smith consent to be a candidate?

HIS friends at present profess the gravest alarm lest he should refuse to run; and while their attitude may be partly induced by the desire not to let his boom gain headway prematurely, there is undoubtedly more behind it. Governor Smith is reliably reported to feel that a Democratic victory is now almost out of the question in any case, unless the Republicans should be divided into two camps, as they were in 1912; that his candidacy might rekindle the fires of religious controversy to such a degree that his Church, outnumbered in the population by five to one, would feel the effects for years; and that, under these conditions, his own energies can be better expended than in the exhausting ordeal of a campaign. The New Republic has already expressed its own views on the possible candidacy of Governor Smith and need not here repeat them. It presents the position attributed to the Governor by his friends, as a factor of importance which must be taken into account in considering the possibilities next year.

JUDGE Gary was not an industrialist but a lawyer and politician. His job as head of the Steel Corporation was not to oversee the production and sale of its products, or to increase its efficiency. It was to represent the interests of the controlling owners in delicate diplomatic tasks, such as harnessing the executives of the constituent companies to a single purpose, extending and combining the activities of companies without running afoul the law, maintaining a firmly reactionary social and political policy while speaking fair and disarming words to allay the hostility of rivals, consumers and the public. Always genial when he spoke, always predicting prosperity for all, Judge Gary usually shrouded himself in impenetrable silence and masterful inaction when an embarrassing question like union recognition or the eight-hour day arose. He was uncannily successful in such juggling acts as maintaining a much press-agented benevolent welfare policy for employees while insisting on long hours, enforcing the non-union shop, and sheltering a vicious type of espionage. He was capable of saying, in the face of determined and long-continued criticism by labor, the Churches and the experts, that the eight-hour day would ruin the business, and, a year later, of reporting that its installation was a great success, without losing his amazing prestige as a wise and just man. These qualities perhaps account for the fact that his death was the signal for wide acclaim in most extravagant terms on the part of his business associates, bankers, Calvin Coolidge and many heads of industry, accompanied by silence on the part of labor, the church agencies, and persons of liberal inclination.

FOR several years the world has been given to understand that Tammany Hall has reformed itself. Gone were the old unhallowed habits of

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graft; the pace was to be set in future by the wealthy young college men, of high political ideals, who were coming into the Wigwam because it offered them a signal opportunity for disinterested public service. But several recent incidents have caused us to wonder whether these noble young men are so completely in control after all. Not long since, the Tiger decided to throw overboard the long-standing agreement with the Republicans that good judges should be retained on the bench regardless of party affiliations. It planned to pack the courts with deserving Democrats, and was dissuaded therefrom only with the greatest difficulty. Now, a year after the beginning of the investigation, the Kelby report on corruption in the city food inspection service is made public. It shows widespread bribery and corruption, amounting to millions of dollars annually, extending over a full decade, and of such a character that, as the report says, it seems unbelievable that the superior officers of the department should not have known what their subordinates were doing. A year ago, it was broadly hinted that the little fellows who were being arrested were being used as scapegoats to conceal the sins of men much higher up; the Kelby report lends color to that idea without reassurance as to the prosecution of these chief sinners. Finally, a highly important franchise for operating buses on the city streets has been granted to the Equitable Coach Company in a manner which can fairly be characterized as surreptitious. At a meeting of the Board of Estimate the measure was suddenly called up for consideration, out of its turn, and designated by number only. The Mayor hastily, and according to some accounts, in so low a voice as to be almost inaudible, asked "if there was objection," and ordered the roll called. Several persons who had attended the meeting for the sole purpose of protesting the award, to which there are several grave objections, did not know the action had been taken until it was all over. If these are the practices of Tammany reformed and regenerate, what must it have been like in the old days!

WITH a smoothness unsurpassed by that of any other political machine in the world, the Russian Communist party emerges once more united from the momentous plenary session of its executive committees held last week. Trotsky and Zinoviev have been "reprimanded" once more. Instead of expelling from the party these leaders of the opposition, as originally proposed by the ruling group, and precipitating a crisis of incalculable consequences, Moscow has taken the course of moderation and granted the opposition the right, for a period of three months, prior to the meeting of the annual national congress of the Communist party, to present its arguments in the official press. The outward form of this compromise is in keeping with the traditions of the Bolshevist organization. If there is to be a definite split, it may occur only at a national congress. Nevertheless, this peaceful solution is indicative of a profound break in the warlike psychology of the Stalinites. The roar of the lion suddenly becomes a gentle bleating.

THE announcements from Moscow do not convey the reasons for this change. Apparently, public opinion within the Communist party reacted violently to the failures of the Stalin administration on the international front. Apparently, too, the opposition mustered considerable strength from the provinces. The middle group of Rykov, presumably, intervened for the sake of peace. As far as the future of the Soviet government is concerned, it is a hopeful sign that the opposition is now able to appeal openly for support to the masses, without resorting to clandestine channels. In this sense, it is a triumph for the opposition on its main issue. Yet the discussion which will follow may lead to the disruption of the opposition, which is a conglomeration of conflicting elements hitherto united under the threats of Stalin's club.

THE mandate system of the League of Nations is once again to be subjected to an acid test. The League ought to order its acid tests by the dozen and get a special rate on them. This time the scene of the trouble is Samoa, in southwestern Pacific. Samoa is administered by New Zealand under a League mandate, and the natives strongly object to the way they are treated by the administrator, Sir George Richardson. In order to maintain that lovely harmony so appropriate to these gentle South Sea isles, the New Zealand legislature has passed a law permitting Sir George to banish from Samoa anybody who ventures to criticize his operations. As evidence that all is as right as possible, Sir George's defenders cite the fact that "two-thirds of the European colony" in Samoa recently gave him a vote of confidence; and that he has the support of his own (presumably hand-picked) native council. Somehow, these touching tributes leave us cold; we have too vivid a memory of the way in which votes of confidence and endorsement by the natives are cooked up in other parts of the world. The Samoans have the right to appeal to the League, though their documents of protest will be subject to the inevitable restraints resulting from the fact that they must be forwarded through the New Zealand authorities. We trust they will nevertheless take advantage of the existing machinery, and let the world form its own estimate of the value of Sir George's endorsement by "two-thirds of the European colony."

THE Censor, the Post Office Censor, this time, is raising his head in a fresh place. This comes to us by way of England. Mr. Aylmer Maude, the distinguished author, last year brought out his

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"life of Dr. Marie Stopes." He sent a copy to his son, in Pittsburgh, and to ensure its safe delivery, had it registered for its value (five shillings). The book was never received; the British Post Office declined to pay, as the package had passed out of its hands into those of the United States postal authorities. When they were applied to, the reply was that the book had been suppressed as unsuitable for transmission by the United States mail. Next, the publishers, the British Society of Authors, and the British Embassy in Washington all took a hand, and, after a correspondence extending over a year, it was finally admitted that a subordinate official had made a mistake, and that the book ought not to have been destroyed, but that in such cases no compensation must be expected. Certainly it is the "subordinate official" who comes out on top. He doubtless vaguely understood that Marie Stopes was an improper person, some of whose books are barred from circulation through the mails in this country. How shocked he would be to know that this one has unrestricted sale in that cosmopolitan center, New York itself.

THE Rev. K. H. Carroll says, in an official report, that the Protestant Churches of America are losing members at the rate of 500,000 a year. Mr. Carroll is Secretary of the Continuation Committee of the Interchurch Conference, and ought to know what he is talking about. However, the reasons he assigns for this state of affairs are curious. He lays much blame on the American habit of moving frequently from town to town. But surely, to say this is to imply that church membership is, for many persons, not a pleasurable and voluntary association, but the result of community coercion, something to be avoided when removal to another city makes escape possible. Mr. Carroll also blames that good old scapegoat, the War. But with the end of the conflict now nine years in the past, it would seem that such an influence would have reached and passed its peak long ago. Moreover, the War is universally conceded to have caused a great revival of mysticism, and of religious emotion in general, in all countries. We believe a more important clue is to be found in Mr. Carroll's incidental remark that some of the clergy and Churches have failed to keep abreast of the changing spiritual needs of their flocks. Here is a fruitful field for further, careful inquiry.

A Final Proposal

WE DO not know at this moment what will be the result of the last appeal to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts on the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Nor, if their ruling is unfavorable, do we know whether the Supreme Court of the United States can be persuaded to intervene. Fervently as we hope that some such attempt will be successful, we fear that legal technicalities will bring failure to the defense. In case such a *cul de sac* should be reached, and there seems no further hope of averting the electrocution of the accused except through the mercy of Governor Fuller, there still remains for him a final possibility of satisfying demands for justice. It would require a bitter swallowing of pride, but it would offer a way of escape from either executing persons whom many competent and fair-minded students of the case believe unfairly convicted, or not executing persons condemned by the court, the Governor's advisers and himself.

From the beginning of the public agitation about the case, the aim of the disinterested persons on the side of the defense has been to obtain a new trial. Some believe the men innocent, others have no strong conviction on this matter, but all who are neither "for" nor "against" Sacco and Vanzetti because they are anarchists, or because they are workers, but are concerned chiefly with the proper administration of justice, want to see all the evidence fairly considered by persons competent to pass upon it. Their complaint is that, during the seven years in which the accused have languished in jail, the most persistent attempts to achieve this end have failed.

The reasons for the necessity of a new trial can be briefly summarized, without going into detailed technicalities. First, the presiding judge at the original and only trial was admittedly prejudiced against the defendants; the atmosphere of public opinion at the time was hostile to them; and the conduct of the trial by the prosecuting attorney, and, many believe, by the judge, was such as to prejudice the jury. Second, the case of the defendants was most inadequately presented at the trial. Third, since the trial a large amount of new evidence has come to light, including the testimony of eye-witnesses, a confession, the revelation of collusion between the prosecution and an important witness for the state, and serious reflections on the credibility of other witnesses for the state. Fourth, the only judge who has passed on the relevance and importance of this new evidence, in relation to the granting of a new trial, is the judge of the original trial, who is admittedly prejudiced. This man is, indeed, the only judge who has passed on the question of his own prejudice. The only judicial review which the case has ever had was the consideration by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts as to whether the trial judge had been technically within the law in ruling as he did.

The nearest approach to a new trial which the accused have been granted was the review of Governor Fuller and his advisory committee. But it is fully clear by this time that the personnel and conduct of these inquiries were not such as to satisfy either the distinguished legal experts interested (without fee) in the defense, or the non-partisan laymen who doubted that justice had been fairly administered. We have previously pointed out

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glaring flaws in the opinions of the Governor and his Committee, and do so again in this issue. Not one of these gentlemen is judicially trained, or has had experience in weighing complicated evidence in criminal cases. Furthermore, the defense had no opportunity, during their inquiry, of presenting its case as a whole, of marshalling its evidence, and of showing the cumulative importance of the new material. The investigations were secret, were directed wholly by the initiative of the investigators, and were capable of being influenced by the defense only to the extent of cross-examination of certain witnesses before the Committee, and of final arguments. Thus, men who were incompetent as judges attempted to carry on an inquiry into guilt by a method more difficult than that which courts permit themselves. Their failure is obvious. The result was not a retrial of the case, and has not, as Governor Fuller hoped it would, convinced the honest doubters.

A similar doubt arose in England in 1904, concerning the case of Adolph Beck, convicted of fraud by a large body of testimony in identification. As in Massachusetts, the court of review in England at that time could not pass upon the facts, and sustained the lower court in denying a new trial. But the Home Secretary appointed a Committee of Inquiry, as a result of whose investigation Beck was released and granted £5,000 in compensation for false imprisonment. British ideas of maintaining respect for public justice did not demand the confirmation of a questionable judgment. But the important point for us is the personnel of this committee. The chairman was the Master of the Rolls, Sir Richard Henn Collins, described by the London Times as "well known to the legal profession and to the public as a remarkably strong judge, of ripe experience and keen intellectual power." Sir Spencer Walpole, another member, had had "a distinguished career in the Civil Service, in the course of which he has filled many responsible posts and has been brought into contact with all sorts and conditions of men." Sir John Edge, the third member, was for twelve years Chief Justice of the High Court of the Northwestern Provinces.

Governor Fuller still has the power to appoint an advisory committee containing at least two competent and distinguished jurists, before whom thorough hearings may be held, and who can supply the deficiency of the legal process in this case by providing the equivalent of a fair trial. Suppose, for instance, he were to obtain the assistance of Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court, of Circuit Judge George W. Anderson of Massachusetts, or, if such men are unavailable because of their present positions on the bench, of others having unquestionable legal experience and capacity. The verdict of such men, whichever way it went, must satisfy all but irreconcilable extremists. It is not too late, in a case which already has involved such long delay, and which strikes so deep into the character and reputation of our institutions, both in this country and throughout the world, to make sure that justice is served. Both Governor Fuller and his former advisers, if they are capable of rising above petty considerations of prestige, ought to welcome an investigation which would universally be recognized as fair. If the former committee is convinced of the rectitude of its conclusion, it cannot fear the result. If it still entertains a doubt, it cannot object to such an inquiry.

A Letter to President Lowell

President A. Lawrence Lowell,
Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: Having read the report of the Committee appointed by Governor Fuller to assist him in reaching a conclusion in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, we take the liberty of addressing to you the following seven questions. Unless these questions are met fairly, the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti is an occurrence for which the American people cannot take responsibility before the world. That responsibility remains in a peculiar sense your own. It is one which you cannot meet by silence in the face of questions which are drawn directly from the text of a report which gains its authority from your name and position.

I. Judge Thayer's Prejudice

You admit that Judge Thayer was guilty of "a grave breach of official decorum." This serious charge against a judge presiding in a capital case is based upon the statements before you of men and women of unquestionable character and standing in the community, such as Mr. George U. Crocker, a conservative lawyer and former treasurer of Boston; Professor James P. Richardson of Dartmouth, well and favorably known at the Boston bar; Mr. Frank P. Sibley, a respected reporter. You dismiss the overwhelming and uniform testimony on this point on the ground that what you call the "indiscretions in conversation" "did not affect" Judge Thayer's "conduct at the trial."

Is it not true, however, that Judge Thayer had to pass on important motions for new trials after his manifestation of hostility and prejudice?

Is it not true that his rulings on these motions, on evidence that never came before the jury, involved not rulings on law but judgment on facts as to which Judge Thayer was, in effect, the new jury? Is it not clear that Judge Thayer was well aware of the finality of power which the rule of discretion in Massachusetts lodged in him, as appears in his statement to one of your witnesses in connection with these motions: "Let them appeal and see how far they will get"? Would not a juryman who ex-

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pressed such prejudice as Judge Thayer did while the case was before him bring about a mistrial?

II. Prejudicial Cross-Examination

You admit that the cross-examination by Mr. Katzmann of the defendant Sacco on the subject of his political and social views "seems at first unnecessarily harsh, and designed rather to prejudice the jury against him than for the legitimate purpose of testing the sincerity of his statements thereon."

You excuse this on the ground that "there was, up to the time of this cross-examination, in the case of Sacco, no certainty that he entertained any such sentiments," etc.

Is it not a fact that the District Attorney who cross-examined Sacco, Mr. Katzmann, stated before your Committee: "It was a fact perfectly well known that these men were radicals. From the newspapers I knew that very well"?

III. Proctor's Testimony

In reference to the affidavit of Captain Proctor to the effect that he arranged with the District Attorney a form of answer to the question whether the mortal bullet found in Berardelli's body was fired from Sacco's pistol, to wit: "My opinion is that it is consistent with being fired by that pistol," you contest the claim of the defense that this answer was designed to mislead, and did mislead the jury, on the ground that "it must be assumed that the jury understood the meaning of plain English words."

Is it not a fact that Judge Thayer stated, in his charge to the jury, "The Commonwealth claims . . . first that the fatal Winchester bullet, marked Exhibit 3, which killed Berardelli, was fired through the barrel of the Colt automatic pistol found upon the defendant Sacco at the time of his arrest. . . . To this effect the Commonwealth introduced the testimony of two witnesses, Messrs. Proctor and Van Amburgh"?

Is not this a distortion of Proctor's testimony in a crucial point, which shows that Judge Thayer had not himself "understood the meaning of plain English words"? In view of his authority, how could the jury fail to give Proctor's testimony a weight which he swears it did not have? Is it not also true that counsel for the defense, Thomas McAnarney, stated to you that he understood Proctor's testimony in the sense given to it by Judge Thayer, to wit: as a positive affirmation of an expert that Sacco's revolver fired the mortal bullet?

IV. Sacco's Cap

You recognize that a cap found near the scene of the South Braintree crime was one of the reliances of the state's case against Sacco, in that the Commonwealth claimed the cap was Sacco's. At the trial, the identification was partly based on holes that appeared in the lining of the cap, supposedly made by its having hung on a nail in the shop where Sacco worked. The chief of police of South Braintree testified for the first time before you that he himself made the holes when the cap was turned over to him.

You retain the cap as an instrument of identification against Sacco, though the holes as marks of identification have now been completely refuted. You do this with the assertion that "the rent in the lining of the cap is so trifling a matter in the evidence in the case that it seems to the Committee by no means a ground for a new trial."

But is it not true that in his review of the whole case last October, in denying a motion for a new trial, Judge Thayer (as appears from the following extract) relied on the cap as one of the important items of evidence justifying a conviction, and the "rent" as a vital part of the proof connecting the cap with Sacco?

> There was evidence at the trial, from witnesses who identified Sacco, that he, when going away in the Buick car, was bareheaded and that immediately after the murder, a cap was picked up near the dead body of Berardelli. That one Mr. Kelly, Sacco's employer, testified that Sacco wore a cap, that it was similar in some respects to that which was picked up near the dead body of Berardelli; he also testified that Sacco hung his cap upon a nail near the machine where he worked; and, in the lining of that cap there were holes, which the Commonwealth claimed were made by the nail upon which this cap had been hung. Now, the Supreme Judicial Court has said, in the decision of these cases, that that evidence was competent because it tended to prove that that cap belonged to Sacco; and if the Jury should find such to be the fact, then Sacco was present at the time of the shooting.

V. The Berardelli Pistol

One of the few items of direct testimony which you adduce against Vanzetti in connection with the South Braintree crime is his alleged possession at the time of his arrest of a pistol alleged to have been carried by the victim Berardelli when killed. You make three assumptions adverse to the defendants which at the trial were left unestablished: (1) that Berardelli had a pistol; (2) that he had the kind of pistol which was found on Vanzetti; (3) that Vanzetti's pistol was the very pistol which Berardelli once had.

Is it not true that Berardelli's pistol had been put to repair with the firm of Iver Johnson, and that, at the trial, proof was left open whether the pistol had ever been withdrawn by Berardelli? Is it not true that Lincoln Wadsworth of Iver Johnson, who received Berardelli's revolver for repair and who was a Commonwealth witness, testified before you that the chance that the revolver found on Vanzetti was Berardelli's is negligibly remote, in

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that he said "there are thousands of times more chances that it was not than that it was"?

VI. Sacco's Alibi

In regard to the testimony tending to prove that Sacco was in Boston the day of the crime you state that, "in view of all the evidence they [you] do not believe he was there that day" [April 15].

Is it not a fact that in addition to the deposition of Guiseppe Andrower of the Italian consulate to the effect that Sacco was in his office on the afternoon of April 15, two friends of Sacco, Professor Guadagni and Mr. Bosco, editor of La Notizia, appeared before you to testify that they met Sacco at luncheon on that day, which they identified as being that on which a banquet was given by a certain group of Italians to Mr. James Williams of the Boston Transcript; that you contested their story on the ground that the dinner was on May 13, a fact which you personally claimed to have corroborated; that when careful reference to files of La Notizia and subsequent recollection of Mr. Williams placed the dinner in question on April 15 you apologized to these gentlemen for having doubted their veracity? Did you apologize for doubting their veracity as to the date of the dinner, while continuing to disbelieve them in the matter of Sacco's presence in Boston?

VII. Suppression of Gould Testimony

You uphold the refusal of Judge Thayer to entertain the motion for a retrial on the basis of the affidavit of Gould, who stood so near to the crime at Braintree that a bullet passed through his coat, and who, you admit, "certainly had an unusually good position to observe the men in the car." You acquit the prosecution of suppressing Gould's testimony (known to them but not to the defense) on the ground that there is no evidence that he had an opportunity to see Sacco and Vanzetti after they were captured, and hence to say whether they were or were not the men he had seen at South Braintree. Gould's affidavit states that on November 10, 1921, he went with counsel to Dedham Jail, and, while Sacco conversed for upwards of ten minutes, he studied the features and all of the characteristics of said Sacco, and immediately thereafter on leaving the jail he stated to Sacco's lawyer that he was positive that the said Sacco was not the man whom he saw on April 15, 1920.

Is it not true that it was Mr. Katzmann's duty to have given Gould this opportunity before the original trial? Is it not true that his failure to do so makes your conclusion that "there seems to be no reason to think that the statement of Gould would have had any effect in changing the mind of the jury" an utterly arbitrary assumption discrediting to the intelligence and impartiality of any jury?

The Fundamentalists Retreat

DR. ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH, editor of The Christian Register and Modernist Leader, says that a new campaign of the Fundamentalists is on foot, with the purpose of writing an anti-evolution law, similar to Tennessee's historic measure, into the statute books of every state. Already, he warns us, efforts are actively under way in twenty-two states, under the inspiration of the Rev. Dr. W. B. Riley, of the World Christian Fundamentalist organization of Minneapolis. He anticipates a campaign which "will exceed in bitterness that of the Anti-Saloon League to bring about adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment." A similar alarm is sounded by Maynard Shipley in his recent interesting book, "The War on Modern Science" (Knopf).

It would be absurd to deny that there are plenty of persons who would like to see an anti-evolution law on the statute books of every state; and it is altogether probable that, from time to time, these will form themselves into organizations and seek to bring this about. On the basis of the evidence available, however, it is safe to say that the period of most serious danger from activities of this sort is now past. The effort to extend the principle of the Tennessee legislation to other states, an effort which was really formidable three years ago, has virtually broken down. The Churches heretofore most active in the campaign are beginning to recognize that it was a mistake from their own point of view. Many of their leaders admit this privately, and in a few cases they have done so publicly. The Tennessee law is not being enforced; it is clear that the decision of the State Supreme Court in the Scopes case was deliberately made ambiguous in order to invite evasion of its terms, and nothing is more unlikely than another, successful prosecution under it. While a measure of the same general sort recently passed the lower house of the State Legislature of Florida, the session ended without its being adopted in the Senate. In one or two other states the same thing has happened. Readers of the New Republic are aware that the anti-evolution bill recently, and unsuccessfully, introduced in Missouri was not originally the work of Fundamentalists, but of newspaper men who sought to enliven a dull session by a practical joke. The measures which have been proposed here and there to have non-sectarian religious instruction given, or the Bible read, in the public schools, have met with little success. Finally, those who were active in the drive for anti-evolution laws have been checked, among other influences, by the laughter of the world. They are not insensitive to the fact that nearly all intelligent people looked upon them and their activities as the hugest, albeit the most dismal, joke of the decade. The martyr thrives on persecution; but he withers before a hearty guffaw of derision.

To be sure, the campaign still goes on in its various underground forms. Pressure is still being

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brought to bear on the state school boards not to endorse textbooks which seem to gaze too fondly on the hated principles of "Darwinism." Teachers are still being selected, all over the country, as they always have been, with good orthodox Protestantism a prerequisite. Professors of the physical sciences in church-supported colleges are still, for the most part, evading in the classroom the delicate matter of reconciling science and the Bible. In all these particulars, however, the situation might fairly be described as merely normal. These efforts went on before the great drive for legislation had begun; and it is reasonable to suppose that they will continue now that it has nearly ended.

In that drive, the personality of William Jennings Bryan was the most important factor. To his great oratorical gifts and his political shrewdness he added an unbelievable intellectual naïveté—which is always a dangerous assortment of qualities. A few years before his death, Bryan decided that the country must be saved from the "rising tide of atheism," and set out single-handed to save it—the fact that the crusade was very profitable to himself, financially and politically, being at least no disadvantage in his eyes. He prepared an eye-popping set speech about the terrible perils by which "this Christian nation" was confronted, and went about in the darkest parts of the South delivering this to joint sessions of the upper and lower houses of the state legislatures. His prestige with these loyal Democrats, who were often as ignorant, credulous and pious as himself, was, of course, enormous. The real wonder is that we did not get ten anti-evolution statutes instead of two. His death took away the main driving force of the movement. No one has yet arisen capable of filling his shoes, nor is there any sign that anyone will.

Another condition which temporarily helped the Fundamentalists, but will not be repeated, was an outgrowth of the rush to the colleges. The number of students in institutions of higher learning in the United States has doubled in the past decade; it is now seven-tenths of 1 percent of the entire population: a phenomenon so astonishing and important that anyone would be justified in sitting down and thinking furiously about it for a solid year at least. Inevitably, many of these new quaffers from the Pierian bucket have come from highly orthodox families, no member of which ever went to college before. Inevitably, too, many of the boys and girls thus tumbled suddenly into a new world, having heard of biology for the first time in their lives, have come home marked all over with the normal college rash of agnosticism, to announce to their dumbfounded progenitors that the whale couldn't swallow Jonah if he wanted to, and that Joshua's command to the sun was based on an erroneous impression as to the mobility of that body. It is not surprising that the parents, thus confronted with changelings wearing the habiliments of Mary and John, should feel as their first response the impulse to burn down the colleges and hang the professors. However, the bloom is soon gone from innocence as absolute as this; and, once it has vanished, it does not return.

Another important and evanescent reason for the wave of Fundamentalism was the thing which changed every other aspect of life: the War. The Allied propaganda in America had as one of its most effective arguments the charge that Germans were all Neitzscheans. The doctrine of the ruthless superman easily and quickly became interchangeable with that phase of "Darwinism" dealing with the survival of the fittest. The biologist, in the popular view, was practically indistinguishable from the Hun. Moreover, the scientific attitude of mind was itself repudiated during and immediately after the War. From the anguish of the battlefield, millions turned to a mysticism which repudiated intellect because its fruits were so bitter on the tongue. The movement was accelerated by the contemporaneous work of the physicists who abandoned the mechanistic doctrine of the last century and began to talk about the ultimate unknowable reality of the universe. Today, the wild swings of the post-war philosophic pendulum are moderating, and the results are certainly not favorable to the cause of the Fundamentalists.

If our analysis of the situation is borne out by future developments, this country may soon enter upon an interesting and fruitful period of its experience. With the grotesqueries of the backwoods fanatics disposed of, it will become possible for serious people to pay serious attention to the spiritual welfare of the nation. Not for many years has there been such a need for the redefinition of intangible values, values of such a character that the Fundamentalist, with his loud and simple faith, is unable even to recognize them. His sons and daughters can participate in the discussion; but it can only begin when he himself has been reduced, if not to silence, at least to something less than the bellow with which in the past he has tried to drown out every voice but his own.

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The Advantages of Arming

THE dreary afternoon that told us of the final failure of the Geneva Conference will be a memory as distant as it is unpleasant, when these pages reach the American reader. Who wants today to study the arithmetical tables which measured the dizzy ambitions of the three Admiralties? But there are larger reflections on this failure which we shall delay at our peril.

The astonishing thing about this conference which postponed our hopes was that it consisted of powers which recently thought of each other as allies. The memory went back to tense years of intimate and helpful association. Toward the close of the War, by sea as by land, we were sharing all our resources, defensive and aggressive. Here the American fleet took charge, and there the British, while, by common consent, in other waters the Japanese went hunting for submarines. So little was there left of our old competitive jealousies, that from time to time the English newspaper press would describe with enthusiasm the rapid expansion alike of the American navy and of the mercantile marine. A common purpose united us. An addition to an ally's strength was equivalent to an addition to our own. If we thought at all of the future, we assumed that the same purpose of enforcing the world's peace would continue to link our fleets. No one would have dreamed of complaining that America or Japan had specialized in one type of fighting ship rather than another. If an ally was strong, while we were weak, in big cruisers or destroyers, as the case might be, so much the better for the common cause. Our deficiencies would be made good: the master-idea would not suffer. It seems, then, to be as easy to arm in common as it is difficult to disarm. We all profess the same devotion to each other and to peace, but the most painful divergencies arise when we come to counting the number of cruisers which each of us requires to serve each other and the sacred ends of peace—for that, as all confess, is the purpose of cruisers. When once one has put on the Breastplate of Righteousness, it is amazing how difficult it is to tear it off.

I am going to risk a violent paradox. It is gross folly to disarm. The only wise course is to arm. One can never agree to disarm. But to arm in common, if there be a purpose which unites us, is remarkably easy. In the end it would come to the same thing. Indeed, when one scans the three programs which were presented at Geneva, the probability, nay, the certainty, is that, if we were to arm together, we could cut down our present programs, and our present budgets, to a half, or even to a quarter. But the essential thing is a common purpose. Without it, indeed, arming might turn out to be as quarrelsome an exercise as disarming.

By a violent exertion of the memory, let us go back to 1918. The common purpose which then governed our arming was the destruction at sea of German power. But all of us looked, or professed to look, to something wider—the preservation of the world's peace by the common adoption of some procedure, whether by arbitration, conciliation or legislation, for the peaceful adjustment of disputes. Were we sincere? A readiness to shed blood is commonly taken as a test of sincerity. We maimed or killed, by the best reckoning, about nine million men, to prove our devotion to this purpose. Given this purpose, it should have been perfectly easy to arm. Our united staffs, when the War was over, would have sat down, in the businesslike way that allies have, to measure our risks and our resources. They would have scanned the horizon for an aggressor. And when their moral telescopes had detected him, they would have condemned each of us to build for the purpose of defeating this hypothetical aggressor. But evidently the lower they put the defensive quota, the less would the risk be, if one of the allies should hereafter break away, and forget his loyalty.

Certainly this council of war would have felt none of the jealousies which rent the Geneva council of peace. If Britain had a fine super-dreadnought to contribute, or an efficient flotilla armed with six-inch guns, her contribution to the common defense would have been gratefully accepted. If America had a taste for eight-inch guns, they too would have come in handy. But one thing we may safely assume about this council of war. It would have been a most conservative and economical body. If each of us had to build solely for the common good, it is probable that our enthusiasm for this form of expenditure would sensibly diminish. Wall Street and the "City" of London are lavish when they contemplate building for national aggrandizement or prestige. I do not know Wall Street, but I think I know the City. It would count every ton and every gun that we gave for the world's safety. But sooner or later, by stern appeals to duty and mutual incitements to altruism, we should have contrived to provide the earth with some sort of naval police force which could deal adequately with any power who refused to arbitrate, drive his commerce off the seas until he came to a better mind, and ensure, in the meantime, that those of us who must import our daily bread should not starve while humanity imposed its will upon the rebel. In plain words, the only course compatible with common sense, and our social obligations to mankind, is to arm. Given sincerity and the common aim, the thing could be done very cheaply. To arm is the only policy for pacifists.

The Geneva Conference failed because it pre-

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tended to disarm, but discovered in the course of its discussions that what everyone wants is to arm. But unfortunately, with all this commendable zeal for arming, there was a total lack of any common purpose. We all repeated, until it became the recognized ritual of the English-speaking peoples, that war between America and Great Britain is "unthinkable." But it was evident at each turn of the discussion that many of us are experts in the art of thinking the unthinkable. The admirals on both sides appeared to think of nothing else. Why was it that, if America should use the whole of her allotted tonnage to build 10,000-ton cruisers, Britain would have to build no fewer of the same type? Must we make exactly the same noise, when we use our guns to salute the idea of perpetual peace? And why must America have a large allowance of eight-inch guns, to silence the six-inch guns on the British armed merchantmen? One may, from an instinct of courtesy, leave the answer blank. But every thinking man who troubled to read the proceedings of this Conference has had to realize that we may one day do what today we find unthinkable. Sir Austen Chamberlain told the House of Commons that the peoples on both shores of the Atlantic have already "outlawed war in their hearts." If that be so, it is singular that we hesitate to outlaw it on paper. If this Conference had set to work with a general and obligatory treaty of arbitration as its starting-point, the calculations in which both sides indulged would have become as nonsensical as they are indecent.

This experience may be salutary, if it teaches both nations that a reduction of armaments is impossible without far-reaching political preparation. The real difficulty—evident to the American but carefully hidden from the British public—lay in the British doctrine of blockade, which dominated the Conference from start to finish. Modesty required that our admirals should argue that they require an inordinate number of small cruisers, in order to cope with the raiders or submarines of an enemy who might be attempting to close the sea-roads and blockade the coasts of the British Isles. But a little practice in reading the minds of admirals would reveal, I think, that this absorbing British preoccupation with blockades is active as well as passive. Those cruisers armed with six-inch guns may be designed to ensure that at all times Canadian wheat and New Zealand mutton shall reach our ports, but they would be equally useful for the purpose of impressing neutrals with the perils of shipping rubber to New York or oil to Hamburg. So long as it is possible for the British Empire to picture itself as the lawful practitioner or the innocent victim of a blockade, so long will Whitehall refuse to ensure our safety with less than seventy small cruisers. If we armed only for naval battles, one could reduce navies to two or three ships apiece, provided the reduction were universal. But the moment one admits the blockade, as it was practised in the late War, an absolute as well as a relative standard of armaments is introduced. For one must have cruisers enough to patrol stretches of sea-road which no good will at Geneva could reduce.

There, it seems to me, the logic of British admirals is unanswerable. One can parry it only as President Wilson parried it, by inventing a new conception of the Freedom of the Seas. If one has first of all "outlawed war," one must go on to say that no power may ever, of its own motion, and for its own ends, lawfully impose a blockade. The blockade can then be used only by the whole league or society of law-abiding powers, in order to reduce an aggressive rebel to reason. In that event, the British Empire will never conceive itself as the single-handed organizer of blockades. There can be only coöperative blockades, and for the purpose of enforcing them it seems to follow that Britain and America will each build, not the ships which their own ambitions dictate, but the ships which the whole world-society requests them to build to secure its victory over the hypothetical aggressor.

We have returned by this familiar track to the position from which we started. Disarming is a sterile conception. The only rational course is to arm, but to arm by common consent for the realization of a common purpose. I have read, with due deference, some of the American homilies addressed to the British nation, which insists on maintaining its anti-social doctrine of capture and search. Not a word in the cogent and courteous articles in the New Republic was excessive or misplaced. But if our British doctrine is, from the standpoint of other peoples, anti-social, where is the Great Society which this reproach presupposes? The League is its starved shadow, and America is outside the League. Unless, in some form, we can reconstitute, as League, or as Association for the Outlawing of War, a great alliance which will embody the common purpose of civilization, it seems to me fruitless to talk of disarmament. So long as one conceives of powers as competitive units, which arm to achieve their own purposes, there is no reason why they should disarm. On that view of the world, the most for which one can dare to hope is a temporary or partial truce which will be imposed upon us by the general poverty.

We were all of us egoists at Geneva. But why should we be anything else? No power can or ought to take a social view of armaments until the Great Society exists, a firmly knit association for mutual defense. If Great Britain is ever to abandon her anti-social doctrine of blockade, America must surrender her useless anti-social doctrine of isolation. When we reach that point, we shall quarrel no longer over disarmament. We shall arm for the common safety.

H. N. Brailsford.

London.

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Comrade Count Medem Sees It Through

DUSK in the old *Volost* town of Kvalinsk. An autumn wind howls round the red tribunal that looms from the square. A bent figure with a flickering lantern and tray huddles up by a black wall, waiting. This is Klukhin, eighteen years the Mayor of Kvalinsk, now a hawker of cigarettes.

"Good evening, Michael Ivanovitch," says a man coming up with a sack of potatoes on his back.

"My respects to you, Count," says the ex-mayor, starting up. "What will you have?"

"A package of *makhorka*," says the sack-carrier, fumbling ten kopecks out of his pocket.

So I first met Alexander Ottovich Medem, one-time Marshal of Nobility, Count in his own right, his father Governor of Old Novgorod, his lineage going back to the Baltic barons and Peter the Great.

The Medem estate lies near the Waterless Village, on the high bluffs of the Volga. A little lower, the under-cutting current, in 1902, washed down two hundred cottages. Had the Count's manor house stood on the bluffs it would have gone down with them. It stands safely back from the Volga on a treeless plain set in an oasis of springs and willows, white-edged against the black soil by a palisade of birches.

Back of it a massive red brick pile looms against the horizon like a cathedral—the Count's distillery, that produced 100,000 *vedros* of alcohol a year. On either side, long, low, black sheds stabling eight hundred cows, oxen and horses. To the east, the crosses of the Orthodox villages, furnishing the estate its muscles and sinews. To the north, the crescents of the Moslem villages, in harvest time moving out *en masse* with dogs, goats and children, turning the estate into a Tartar *stan*. More than a thousand Mussulmans, in the morning, making their prayers toward Mecca, and, at night, setting the plain blazing with their camp fires.

"What kind of landlord was the Count?" I asked an old *mujik* of Waterless Village.

"A good man," he replied, "always helping others. One rainy day, the wagon of a poor Tartar stuck in the mud. The Count, driving up in his *troika,* saw that the bony hack of a horse couldn't pull it out. He unharnessed one of his own and gave it to the poor fellow. Gave it to him outright. He was always doing this." The tale, in varying versions, I was to hear a hundred times. Now it is a Mordvian that gets a horse free. Now a Chuvash. Now a Russian. A mania for giving away his horses, it seems, possessed the Count. If all the tales were true, how did he have any horses left? I went to the Count for the truth about the matter.

"Yes," he vaguely recalled, "I think my father once did give a horse to a Tartar."

That horse has grown now into hundreds, and continues to grow. The legend of the horse-giving Medem promises to take its place alongside of Stenka Razin. It suits the peasants. In dramatic form, it puts their approval on the Count and the conduct of his affairs. Not that they grow lyric about the golden past. On the contrary, they still sing songs about the black and bitter days toiling on the Count's estate.

They were sung for me by two Blagodatno peasants, Andey Shookhin and Koozma Oreshkin, with long-drawn-out, wailing refrains. Finishing, they remarked: "But it was easier with him than with the other landlords." They told of being driven from Easter merrymaking out to the ploughing, and of the horse whose teeth grabbed them by their hair and held them while they were knouted. Then they added: "But the Count was not to blame. It was the devil overseers, our own brothers, who did it."

The Count, like the Tsar, was able to deflect the people's anger on his subordinates. Peasants no longer say the Tsar was a good man. That belief is utterly and irrevocably dead. But they do say the Count was a good man. One hears it on every side. Of course, "good" is a term of relativity. It is the shining contrast of the Count against the dark background of other landlords that wins for him the ascription of "good," the favor and esteem of the peasants.

He was not high-handed, like his neighbors the Davidovs, putting a ruble fine on every chicken that flew on to his grounds. He didn't flaunt his wealth, like Shekhovalov, but in the fodder famine gave his horses the same ration as the peasant horses. He didn't rack-rent his tenants, like Tschukin, but let out his land at moderate sums. He didn't signalize his home-coming, like Vorontzov Dashkova, with a fanfare of trumpets and bells, riding down a lantern-strewn way through lines of kneeling villagers. He wasn't a waster, like Korsakov, hanging over the American Bar in Paris, chasing butterflies along the Riviera. He didn't sell his estate, like Prince Golitzin, and move to the city.

He lived with the peasants. He helped the burned-out find logs for new houses. He helped the Tartars steal their brides, loaning them horses. He worked out a plough best suited to the local soil and sold it at cost—twenty-one rubles. He wasn't afraid to drive a furrow, crack the whip over the oxen or lend a hand pulling a horse out of the Volga. He

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once carried a sick pony home on his back. He was a working count, like the great Count of Tula, who pointed his preachments about the dignity of labor by laboring himself.

An observation by the side. Count Tolstoy may have actually plowed more ground than Count Medem. Yet in the week that I was in Yasnaya Polyana, I heard from no peasant the unqualified praise of Tolstoy that almost every peasant gives to Medem. Maybe, to the Tolstoy peasants, the acts of their Count had a smack of theatricalism—too moralistic and romantic.

Count Medem had more of the smell of earth on him, more reality in his work, and, unlike Tolstoy, he was able to communicate the spirit of it to his family. His sister, Maria Ottovna, was a doctor to the women. The Countess nursed many through the cholera epidemic. In the pleasant idyllism pictured by Turgenev in "Gentlefolks' Nests," the years rolled by, until comes that fateful year in the history of the Russian people—the summer of 1917.

The Count is roused one morning by a loud clatter in his courtyard. He looks out to see it filled with wagons—hundreds of them. He dresses hurriedly and goes out to the balcony.

"Good morning, *mujiks,* brothers. What did you come for?"

"Our wheat, our rye, our millet!" comes the answer, laughing. The keys are brought out, the door unlocked, the granaries are emptied.

"Now the grain underground!" Always the Count believed the hiding place of these reserves was a secret. But the peasants know all. The grain goes. Then the horses and oxen. Then the land. They divided, ploughed it, harrowed it and sowed it. "Just as we had done for the Count, we did now for ourselves. The land was ours now. All of it ours," exclaimed the old peasant rapturously, telling me the story of the seizure of the estate.

"And yet you will say he was a good landlord," I interjected.

"No!" he replied. "There is no such thing as a good landlord. He was a good man. But the land was never his, no more than the winds that blow over it or the Volga waters that flow by it."

Let the Count show Nicholas the First's grant to his ancestors. Let him show the great seals on his own deed of inheritance. What of them? To the peasant, right to the soil is not vested in papers and titles but in one's hands, in one's ability to till, in one's self. When these hands cannot do it, their right to it is gone. It passes automatically into the hands that can. That's what it was doing on this fair morning in the summer of 1917.

These peasants clamoring into the courtyard had no feeling of being engaged in an act of spoliation. It was an act of restoration, an act of liberalism, the deliberate transfer of the land into the hands of its legitimate owners. Against Comrade Count Medem—as they now call him—there was no animosity. They gave him his share of the soil, tools and horses, and left him undisturbed in his manor house, and there were no excesses.

"If only Russia had had good landlords!" exclaim those who imagine that that might have staved off the Revolution. But could anyone be more abounding in good works than the good Count of the Volga? Yet, though they had been a hundredfold greater, they couldn't have saved his land. But they did save his life. And considering the fierce passions engendered by the Revolution, which put most counts in the graveyard or to flight into foreign lands, this is not a trifle. And be it said that these peasants were as resolutely insistent on the Count's right to life as to their own right to the land.

When a band of *Frontovics* landed at Waterless Village, declaring "Death to all *pometschiks!*" the peasants put in the proviso—"except Medem!" When the bandits were loose in the forest, six old peasants galloped beside him as a bodyguard through twenty *versts* of winter storm. When the Count was lying in the Cheka prison, condemned to death, they drew up a big petition for his release. When the 1921 famine tightened its grip on the Volga basin, out of their scanty stores they brought him flour and products—and continue to do so. When at last he was ejected from the manor house, they loaded up their wagons with furniture and brought them to him in town.

And here in Kvalinsk he lives, a debonair figure in his shining high boots and blue velvet Tartar hat, edged with sable. Not a tinge of gray in his bushy beard. A man without a worry, one would imagine—not a man with a household of seven, one an imbecile for eighteen years, dressed, fed and put to bed like a baby. A man of leisure, one might imagine, spending his time traveling from resort to resort instead of from jail to jail. Nine times he was arrested; thrice sentenced to be shot.

It is said that a man is equal to any disaster, provided it is great enough. Count Medem is a striking example of this. Certainly he can't complain about the dimensions of his misfortune or his fall. From a palace to a three-room house. From a drove of eight hundred horses and cattle, to one cow and five chickens. From Marshal of the Nobility, to a commoner without a vote. From a man of wealth to a water-drawer. Sometimes ninety buckets a day to carry. "I have a thirsty garden," he says with a smile.

"It's his religion that sustains him," his friends assert. The Count is, indeed, a strict keeper of the fasts; candle in hand, he kneels for hours in the monastic church; he likes, like Dostoyevsky, to contemplate the peasants as the "God bearers." Not less devout are others of the old nobility, but sour and gloomy; one avoids them like a plague.

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The Count, however, always sparkles with jests and laughter. He laughs at everything. The soldiers shooting the eyes out of a portrait of Alexander III and using it as a prop for a potato bin; the peasants knowing the secret of his underground stores; the Tartar cutting up one of his racing horses for meat; the old *mujik* lugging off the stone lions to grace his cattle-shed. He laughs at himself; burying in his garden the golden snuff-box, a gift to his ancestors from Catherine the Great, and never able to find it again; entrusting his silver plate to an officer's wife, who later married a Chekist; taking orders from those to whom he once gave orders; plodding on foot when he once rode in a *troika*.

"Why shouldn't one laugh? What can one do about it? So it was predestined, so it must be!"

With such happy fatalism he met the disasters of the Revolution. His friends in town professed this philosophy, and regaled him with it after the summer storm of 1917 had struck him and stripped him.

"Why, Count, it is inevitable. It's the Revolution!" they said, shrugging their shoulders, thinly veiling their bourgeois satisfaction in the downfall of a noble.

The Count bided his time. It came in the autumn, when this self-same bourgeoisie, bowled over by the blasts of October, crept whimpering to him for consolation. His turn to be calmly philosophic. "It's inevitable," he repeated, with a lift of the eyebrows. "It's the Revolution. It's all you wanted. Don't you remember how happy you were when the Tsar fell, Pavel Nikolaevitch? And, by the way, where is that nice red flag you were waving then? And you! Ivan Petrovich! how about 'Revolution Bringing New Life to Old Russia'? Lovely article that!"

With sardonic glee he watched the Revolution go down the social scale, until into the villages whistled the winter winds of 1918-20, laying tribute on the rich peasants, stripping the grain away from the very ones who had first stripped him. To all their sorrowing and raging his jocular reply: "Why, brothers, it's the Revolution. So it was predestined —so it needs must be."

There was no restraining the Count's humor and wit and satire. He carried them into his ordeals of trials and cross-questionings. Quite likely they helped carry him through. One night he took his last horse out of hiding to exercise on the Volga ice. A Commissar spied him. The Count spied the Commissar and at once sent the horse to his White Guard brother hiding in a Tartar village. At headquarters next morning, the Commissar asked:

"Where is your horse?"

"With my brother," the Count replied.

"And where is your brother?"

"With my horse."

"Come, now, be serious!" said the Commissar.

"I am serious," replied the Count. "I don't want to lose my horse or my brother."

Again, a servant, in revenge for his interference with her amours, reported a revolver hidden in the Count's piano. He returned to find a searching squad in his room.

"Very serious, Count, we have found a weapon."

"How could you help finding it when you knew where it was?"

"You know it is against Proletarian Law to conceal weapons?"

"Quite true!" he replied, "but for Counts it makes an exception." Luckily, he could produce a revolver-permit signed by a previous Commissar.

But even at the risk of his neck he would indulge his humor. Most of the Bolshevik captors, it seems, appreciated a White who came before them —not cringing or whining—but with laughter and repartee. But he was suspect, and always they were on his trail.

"They must have liked my company," says the Count. "Always they were inviting me to come and sit with them."

Arrests, protocols, inquisitions without number. What does it show? The diabolical effort of the Bolsheviks to trap an innocent man at all costs, as the Whites would say. Or shall it be written down as a singular example of their infinite patience amidst perils and perplexities, their determination not to do injustice? A Counter-Revolutionist at heart. Why didn't they kill him and be done with it?

The Count often wonders at it himself. "But so it was predestined to be." Fate gave him his life and he makes the most of it.

He still has the Volga. The view from the high bluffs across the steppe, the Count declares, is unequalled in the world. When his friends urge him to come to crowded Moscow, he exclaims: "Leave the Volga to live in a rabbit warren! Never!"

Then there are his books—French, English, German, a thousand volumes. True, not on his own shelves, but in the public library. But they are his to browse in, and now he has time to indulge to the full his literary and historical tastes.

There are his five daughters and nieces. Two of them are choir singers, the eldest a teacher of French and English, at a hundred rubles a month. Their accomplishments are no longer the decorations of gentlewomen, they have been turned to the service of society and the winning of bread.

Nor has the Count lost interest in his old estate. Now it is a *Sovkhoz*, a Soviet Farm. These model farms are generally held by the peasants in high contempt. "Very useful to us they are," they remark sarcastically, "they show us how to conduct our farming." *Sovkhoz* Number 68 is a shining exception. The fields, once ploughed by the Count's two hundred oxen, are now turned by ten chugging tractors. The white brick edifice, that once housed

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the Count's family, now houses twelve labor families and a village school. It is piped and steam-heated, fuel furnished by the straw that formerly was thrown away. And it shows a profit, thanks to the Communist managers. One of them, Pugachev, former lackey of the Count, occasionally spends a night in town talking with his former master about seeds, soil and drainage on the old estate.

The Count often contradicts himself. Now the old Black Hundred has the upper hand, now the modernist. He will declare that all Communists are scoundrels or blockheads, then sit up till morning with them, arguing agriculture and religion. He will quote Dostoyevsky as prophesying that Russia will pass into the hands of the Jews, then swear fidelity to the one Jew in the town. He will lament the passing of the great statesmen of Russia, then read with admiration the speeches of the Soviet leaders.

On one point, however, there is never wavering or doubt—the ultimate destiny of Russia and its place in the world. While bourgeoisie fall on their knees before the cultures, civilizations and governments of the West—not the Count. He views them with the cynicism of an old Slavophil. Bringing back my London papers and New York magazines, he exclaims: "What are they coming to in Europe and America? Madhouses! Idiots! What they need is a Revolution!"

ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS.

The Feminist's Husband

I AM a feminist—under protest. A casual acquaintance has said of me that I wear the aspect of Victorianism, but underneath am rampant feminism. Therein lies my tragedy. Rampant feminism has been thrust upon me.

To be sure, as the feminists say, I am "functioning completely." I am wife, mother and, in a sense, a successful professional woman, and I have been so for a term of years. Moreover, I have never delegated the care of my three little girls—the oldest is now seven—and since most of the time our income is unbelievably scanty, I have had to do the household chores of an eight-room house as well. Some mornings, indeed, as I alternate the typing of my articles with wringing out the family wash, or preparing the vegetables, or writing to an editor, or mopping up the floor, or sorting out the crayons for three eager pairs of hands, I smile a trifle grimly at the plaint, so often heard these days, that women have neither time nor energy to spare for their "own purposes" after performing their household and maternal duties. Time? Energy? Relative terms indeed. For a woman has always the time and energy for the things she most desires, or which through necessity are thrust upon her. Each week, for years on end, in addition to the management of my household of five, and usually more, for guests are frequent, I have sent out my articles, some 1,500 to 2,000 words; and the slender income from these words is mostly what keeps the family going. Nor have I yet gained facility and swiftness in my work—the ability to toss off my stint over the week-end or late on a Sunday night to catch the Monday mail. I care too intensely for quality, for content and for style. I am painfully conscientious in gathering my material. I always despair for hours, sometimes for days before a new piece takes shape; I always have a tyro's struggle over beginning and ending. But free lance writing and occasional short pieces of research are, at least, jobs that can be fitted in with the care of young children. One can steal midnight hours for the necessary privacy for thinking an idea through, and, the momentum once gained, one can push the article to a finish to the accompaniment of endless daytime interruptions. (Even as I write now, the screen door opens, and the grimy fist of my four-year-old, hoarding its precious burden, is thrust across my page. "Isn't it a darn, isn't it a darn, Momie dear, the butterfly is died!")

But that's not what troubles me, this having my hands so full with conflicting affairs that sometimes I don't know where to turn next. After all, there is a challenge about attempting to do the apparently impossible which is rather thrilling to accept. And, of course, when my friends press me for details as to how I actually manage, I have to point very obviously to the innumerable things I just don't do—social entertaining or social calling, for example, or very much dusting, or ironing or baking.

Most of my friends, however, don't ask me how I manage. What the more practical of them ask is why I manage *that* way, why I don't take a good paying job such as my professional abilities might reasonably command, and pay for expert services at home. And there my answer is that, inexpert as I am, I have the old-fashioned—or is it rapidly becoming the new-fashioned—notion that there are some things I can do for my children better than anyone I could hire to do them. For I am not interested in a "career" as such—that exaltation of the (hypothetical) values of one's own personality above the just claims of one's children seems rather monstrous to me. To be sure, I appreciate duly the dangers of over-solicitous motherhood, and the need of permitting children a wide margin for independent activity. But the very exigencies of my work keep me out of too close range with them for twenty-four hours a day. We live in the country, there is plenty of space, and adequate equipment and materials inviting a child

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to fruitful occupation. My children, from their earliest years, have learned to play with a fair degree of independence and initiative. As they grow older, the poise and integration they are now developing will stand them in good stead. No, I need not have concern lest my feminist regime is working harm to my children. It is my husband who is tragically affected by it. Has anyone, I wonder, ever extracted the truth from the husbands of feminists?

My husband is an artist, a violinist—or, rather, he was once a violinist. His career on the concert stage was cruelly cut short, however, by an injury to the ligaments of his left hand. He was teaching music when we married, but a specialist had held out hope that, in time, and with certain exercises, the fingers might be restored to normal. We married, rather rosy with that expectation, and for a few months it almost looked as though the specialist was right. Even when the first baby came, or rather, even more so, while I was still getting through the helpless period, my husband's condition improved. He began to play with some of his old power, he could not play for very long, but the hand was getting well. He still, however, was very far from his old place, and he had, moreover, given up many of his pupils in order to have time for more practising. To help our failing finances, I resumed the work I had been doing before marriage, writing short articles and reviews, as well as odds and ends of editing. It paid poorly, yet well enough for us to manage on, and I therefore suggested that my husband give up his teaching and give all his time to practising and to getting back the use of his hand. Rather to my surprise, he did so, and for nearly a year he worked with tremendous fervor and optimism. My articles pulled much better than I had expected. In fact, one day, I landed a rather big syndicated series. Two days later, my husband fell on the street and injured the same hand again.

I could never determine how seriously he had been hurt this second time, and neither, apparently, could he. But, psychologically, it seemed to mark the end of his expectation of recovery. He has never admitted this; in fact, he long continued to talk with his old optimism; as each of the babies came, he would appear especially hopeful, even bringing news to me in the hospital of a new treatment he planned to try. But each time, as I grew stronger, his hopes would seemingly die out. He went back to teaching, but presently his health began to suffer. When our last child was eighteen months old, he developed tuberculosis, or what appeared to be tuberculosis. He spent six months in a sanatorium and was then discharged as cured. Since then he has taken back a few pupils, but his vitality is low, and the doctor counsels no work at all.

Why do I drag all this into a feminist confession? Well, why do I? Because I am convinced that it is my own abundant success that has driven my husband into semi-invalidism. I have not failed as worker, I have not failed as mother, I have not failed as home-maker. I have exuberant health and an exuberant will. A job is to be done, and I get it done. But in proportion as I have succeeded in all other respects, I have failed my husband. With the initial accident to his hand, of course, I had nothing to do. But what about that second accident? What relation did that bear to my taking over, all too easily, the burdens that should have been his? Did he really fall by accident? Or was not his fall rather a symbol of his sense of moral collapse, of his sense of loss of personal prestige? And without a sense of prestige, how far can any man go?

But mine is an exceptional, an extreme case, you say. Well, much can be learned from extreme and exceptional cases. Probably no marriage can be happy where the woman bears the whole of the economic burden. But how far short of that does happiness lie? How much independence of him can a man stand in a woman? How much success outside the pattern?

I look around at the husbands of my feminist friends. Some seem to be proud of their shining, successful wives. Others have so far fallen into the new cult that they feel aggrieved if their wives drop back into traditional ways. But others are visibly losing ground. Three writers, all husbands of well known feminists, come to mind. Every one of these men has suffered serious loss in creative power since marriage. One regained his creative ability only after divorce, another is trying a separate establishment, the third is still deep in the mire. One formerly active feminist, who has been through three marriages, shakes her head sadly at the new generation. "You are killing off your men, as I did mine," she declares.

Possibly these lost men are necessary casualties along the way to woman's freedom. Or perhaps, like other casualties, they are proof that freedom is not won by mere transfer of power.

DIANA FREEMAN.

Of Sacco and Vanzetti

Who has been happy, tasting sunny fruits,
Or hearing summer hum her vast green song,
Or watching ocean tugging at its roots,
Or lying in quick arms when nights are long—
How shall he now bask in the honey hours,
Ask favors of his love or of his fate,
When, like a beast fondling what it devours,
Law slobbers justice—cold upon the plate.

Yet history knows: to every age, its crimes;
Empires half-fledged cannot be wholly wise.
We shudder, learning to endure our times,
And from the threatened flood avert our eyes.
Our senses will applaud the world again.
But who can clap life into murdered men?

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

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Washington Notes

SO MUCH slush has been written in the last two weeks about the sudden removal of himself from the 1928 Republican presidential race by the noble Calvin that I may as well write some myself. Never in a long, hard life of political observation and activity have I seen the brave boys of the daily press, both editorial and reportorial, paw the air in more ludicrous and painful fashion. Particularly is this true in the case of the Mayflower publicists with their syndicate papers, the greasing squad of the New York Herald Tribune, the heavy-handed anointers of the Curtis publications, and the genial theatrical gentleman who supplements his large stage salary by press-agenting the jovial Cal, an idea that has gained him considerable lucre, and White House hospitality.

Before presenting my own more or less immature and half-baked views on this Black Hills bomb-shell so unexpectedly—and I believe, so reluctantly—exploded, it is perhaps proper to pause a moment to survey the pitiable plight in which their little hero has left these loyal and devoted worshipers of the journalistic world. He "ran out" on them—that's what he did. He had given them every reason and the utmost encouragement to go the extreme limit in predicting his renomination and reëlection. And they did go the limit—all of them. Weeks ago, throwing aside all restrictions, leaving neither loopholes nor fire escapes, these high priests of the Republican journalistic temple swept aside all anti-third-term arguments, all farmer protest, all anti-Coolidge sentiment, all significance of the "profitless prosperity" which we now appear to be enjoying, and reëlected Mr. Coolidge in 1928 by an overwhelming and unprecedented majority.

Such a prediction, for example, is made in last week's issue of the Saturday Evening Post—which went to press long before Cowboy Cal made his announcement, but unfortunately did not appear on the stands until a few days afterward. The only one in the whole long list of journalistic supporters who guessed right about this business was the astute and far-sighted Mr. Hearst. Four weeks ago, I pointed out in this place that the Hearst-Brisbane support of Mr. Coolidge for renomination, in some thirty-five newspapers, had been suddenly and completely withdrawn. I also called attention to the interview given out by Mr. Hearst in New Orleans, emphatically expressing his conviction that Mr. Coolidge would not be renominated and predicting that the President would shortly say so. Clearly, this leaves Mr. Hearst in the position of the only real prophet in the country.

Since the blow fell, the more deeply ditched of these Washington publicists and editorial writers, following the note struck by that ardent friend of the common people, Mr. Charles Mitchell, President of the National City Bank, have been wildly writing about the "drafting" of Mr. Coolidge by the Republican National Convention; about the people's insisting upon his taking the nomination against his will; about the adroitness of the announcement and the cryptic nature of the words "I do not choose"; about how the door is still left open for him to accept if his party insists; about the "shrewd politics" he has played. That is what I meant by the word "slush" used in the first sentence of this piece. I don't intend to make any prophecy, the failure of which can be pinned on me later, but I do assert that, at this time, the "drafting" notion is absurd to the point of hysteria, and that no real leader in the Republican party has any desire to have him "drafted." Nor had Mr. Coolidge any such idea when he framed his announcement. There was nothing subtle or deep or shrewd or planned about the phraseology of that announcement. It was merely his tight-lipped, Vermont way of saying something that he was forced to say—and hated saying. I may do the man an injustice, but I do not think so. He has been a candidate for renomination for more than a year. He went out to the Black Hills a candidate and he went after the nomination tooth and toe-nail. Every friend he had was at work. The federal machine had begun to move. Mr. Slemp had already done his regular job of sewing up the Southern Negro leaders. Innumerable and unmistakable evidences of the candidacy were given. There isn't a doubt about his wanting to hold on to the job. There isn't a doubt that he planned to keep it if he could. Long ago I reached the conclusion, based on close study of the man and his career, that the only thing that would prevent his candidacy was inherent timidity, and that if for renomination or reëlection he had to make a really bruising fight with a fine chance of getting hurt, he would not make it. Otherwise he would run.

Several things combined to discourage him after he got to the Black Hills. There was the fact that, so far from being appalled at the steam-roller intentions of the administration, Governor Lowden let it be known that he was a candidate for the nomination. At once this eliminated all chance of anything like a unanimous party demand. At once it made clear that the only way the nomination could be had was to steam-roller the opposition, which would be extremely unhelpful after the fact. Then there was the further fact that the Black Hills publicity seemed forced and strained and obviously was not going as well as it should. There was also the ominous interview of Senator George Moses, the well known New Hampshire philosopher and patriot, defender of the pure Mr. Vare and ally of the lugubrious David Reed of Pennsylvania in his effort to protect the inside of Pennsylvania's ballot boxes from prying and unfriendly eyes. This Mr. Moses said that Mr. Coolidge could, of course, get the nomination if he insisted; but it would mean a "sullen acquiescence" in his candidacy and he thought would be bad for Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Coolidge's party and Mr. Coolidge's country. Take all these things together, and it seems to me a pretty good case in support of my theory that the reason Cal quit—and the reason he will stay quit—is because of his belief that he could not get away with it, without getting rather badly mauled—and that there was real danger of getting killed in the attempt.

As to who will be nominated by the Republicans next June, I am frank to say that I do not know, nor do I think anyone else knows. What I do know, however, is that the Republican nomination, next time, will be made by the same forces that made the Republican nomination

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last time, forces which always, except when some accident occurs, make Republican nominations. I mean the big business and banking interests of the East. These, when they stand together, can always put on enough pressure to swing the New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire delegations into line. In a convention that makes its nomination by majority vote, these total more than enough delegates to sway the convention in any fight, when you add the other states such as Utah, and the Negro bosses in the South, who cluster around the "big boy," and who have a keen eye out for campaign funds and like to ride with the band. Less than a dozen men control these big states. They can let the thing drift, right up to the opening of the convention, and, by getting together in a room on the last day, can nominate the man of their choice more easily now than ever before. I do not mean that they can pick an unknown man and put him across, or that they can put over some candidate from their own little group of states. But they can select, among the contestants, the man who suits them best, and put him over. In other words, neither Lowden, Dawes, nor Hoover can possibly be nominated in that convention without the consent of the business influences which control the Eastern group of machine leaders. Of these, about the most important are the Mellon interests—not so much the old gentleman himself, but the various individuals who operate with him and are "tied in" politically and financially. Barring accidents, and allowing for the unexpected, it does seem likely that the next Republican nominee will be Lowden, Dawes or Hoover. Which one, depends upon the preference of the Mellon interests. Any one of them would suit in a pinch. Finally, as to "drafting" Cal, all I have to say is that anything is possible in politics, but that is highly improbable. About every other possibility would have to be exhausted first. The Grand Old Party is all set for a nice fight—and believe me, they'll have it.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Clarion

Spirit snarled in knotted gloom,
Leaning down to poisoned vines,
Tending fruit that seldom shines,
Doubting every bloom. . . .

Get yourself a trumpet, stand
Naked where the morning's hand
Hotly reaches, boldly takes,
All it wants of what it wakes.

Tilt your horn and blow a spear,
Wheel the zodiac with a sheer
Brassy declaration. Tear
All the challenge from the air.

East and west and north and south,
Turn your body, high and hard,
Wind along that golden yard
Till God is at your mouth.

GEORGE O'NEIL.

Southern Radical

IN a three-room house, not far down the street from my uncle's, lives a widow, Mrs. X—, whose son has come home to visit her. He seems to have been here for a month or more, airing his opinions till the whole town wants to choke him. This X—, as the Editor of The Reporter said in the notice of his arrival, is one of the hometown boys of whom we may well be proud. X— is a newspaper man himself. He is twenty-six or -seven and lives now in Atlanta.

Ever since I came home, two weeks ago, I have been hearing of X— and his views. At my uncle's house, we hear less of him; he never comes there, or rather has been there only once, three or four days after he got to town, when he was drawn to pay the visit on account of a pretty cousin, for whom he spread all his modern tail-feathers, hoping to dazzle her, very likely, with his powers, and to break down her virginal resistance with blazing free theories of love. He was not asked back, and nobody in all the family seems to have steamed up with the intellectual challenge he flung down for them. My uncle seems to have let him pass as trash, and my aunt's only comment was that it all sounded mighty shoddy and common.

But from the people here at the college I have heard more. From what I hear, he must regard himself as an apostle in these gentle, benighted regions, and has held forth right and left on advanced ideas, and got himself heated with doctrines that Bernard Shaw wore to the bone twenty years ago. People who have always been used to these subjects as sins, and even sometimes, if the sinners were gallant enough, as pardonable wild oats, have been scandalized to find them presented as causes and crusades. But, from what I hear, very few arguments have been opposed to him. He has met with two kinds of response; one is like my aunt's, who despises his vulgarity and lack of taste, and thinks no new ideas could be worth such a low tone and coarse lack of all tact; the other consists of orthodox traditions, such as the superiority of Rome over Greece because woman had a higher position among the Romans, and of orthodox oratory, such as "What, leave out the Christ!"

This from the older people in town, though none too many of them are left. Among the looser, gum-chewing, jazzing young people, X— has had little more success; they mind nothing that he says, but they object to being asked to think at all. And, by his standards, their performances would even lose some of the ginger, on the ground that if they are not wrong they are less fun.

I knew X— long ago as an ugly little boy, with a snout of a nose, a big mouth and a cowlick in front, who used to come in the spring with his mother and pick dandelion salad along my uncle's grape arbors. He used to stammer, but has got over that, as I see when I meet him in the college library, looking, as he tells me, immediately after we shake hands, to see what the young people in Mississippi these days are reading, and getting a shock to see what antediluvian stuff is fed out to them. He is uglier than ever, his skin is yellower and his expression more aggressive.

He picks out a book that seems to have disgusted him more than any.

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"This stuff," he says, giving me a most revolutionary look in the eye, "do you mean to tell me they feed students on this?"

I should never have dreamed of telling him anything, so that now I only say, "What is it?"

He shows me the title: "Stories of the Southland."

"Well, what's the matter with that?" I ask.

"Sentimental rot! Lies! Still talking about the old days and their romance, and Southern ladies and chivalry and serenades! And what astonishes me is that some of these fellows I see here, I mean the authors of some of these selections, have been associated with liberalism always."

He picks out one. "Now here's N—. I'd say for him to be keeping up this old gag is simply astounding. I don't say it's wrong. I simply say it's astounding, that's all." Plainly X— is one of those people who have the instinct for truth without the brains for it. I can see that he regards himself as a Southern Radical. If that poor N—'s stories, instead of their poetry, set out to prove that all the old-time romance was lies, only lies, and the gentlemen all blackguards or windbags, the ladies haggard women who were worked to death, or silly uneducated would-be belles, giddy before they married and fatuous afterward, as maidens wishing for serenaders and as wives wishing for colonels, if N— had held to all this, he would continue to be a liberal and X— would not then be astounded. This would be truth.

I do not contest his point and X— drives ahead.

"The South will never get anywhere till it gets rid of this sort of mush!"

"Where should the South get?" I ask, in an innocent enough tone.

He pays no heed, but goes on looking savagely through his book.

I have of late been reading much in Zielinski's gracious book on Greek religion, and doubtless am tinged with some of the level and proportionate harmony of those lucid days in the Athenian porch and grove, for I have no desire to answer X— at all. It is plain enough that the South should get somewhere, but what such men as he think about the matter could help very little.

But I see a youthful student in the stacks nearby; he has stopped work and is listening. I must in duty bound say a little on the subject.

Well, I say, it's only natural, of course, that a people who have lost their cause, and had a hard time afterward, and been so poor, and had their pride hurt so, and seen the thing they were born to dying away from them in a diverse, new age, and who are touched in their thoughts with the beauty of far-off times and glamorous tales, should have created a defense of some sort. It is only natural that they should be arrogant, sentimental and impulsive. X— says nothing, but lets me proceed—"As to what the rest of America could give the South to go by, I should be very little impressed with that. America is still in the scales, we must wait to see what it will create, beyond the present enthusiasm for business and progress, bathtubs and organization, all elemental matters so far, childish, muscular and busy."

"There's only one thing I can feel sure of," I go on, "that the South needs and can strive for. And that is more thought about its own point of view. Not to take the boiler-plate thinking handed out all over the country by popular journalism and Washington and Rotary, not to stick hotly to intolerant defensive talk, not to withdraw into provincial sentiment; what the South can do is to think, think, think on its own tradition, its own culture—what there is left of it—its own social idea, its own conception of what a society is and what civilization is. If we did that well, we might have hopes of preserving our own best needs, of changing what needs to be changed and developing what might be developed, and of giving it some plausibility of explanation in the face of the crass, over-simple ideas that we meet everywhere these days."

To my little lecture, delivered more for the student than for him, X— replies only, "Perhaps, if you like," and looks at me as at mere atmosphere.

I take an esthetic ground and say that no matter what the Old South, or the Southland, et cetera, was like or is like, a material in art is used to present an idea, to create a body of stuff that will express the idea the artist wishes to convey; he is free to use it as he pleases.

This point is ignored.

"If science can look every passing fact in the face, why can't literature?" X— replies, and quotes, "Nietzsche says convictions are prisons, but then the South never heard of Nietzsche."

I profess to be acquainted with the librarian, and offer to do anything I can to get the books ordered that the students should know, if X— will supply the list. He swears he will do that.

As I go out, I see X— talking to the young lady at the desk, who is blushing hotly and trying to be affable.

STARK YOUNG.

The American Court

THERE seems to have arisen a lively public appetite for intimate information about the Presidents. "Secrets of the White House," by Elizabeth Jaffray (Cosmopolitan); "Theodore Roosevelt: Hero to His Valet," by James E. Amos (John Day); and "White House Gossip, from Andrew Johnson to Calvin Coolidge," by Edna M. Colman (Doubleday, Page) have all appeared during the last few months, and there have been other similar memoirs in the papers and magazines. Three recent figures have attained a sort of classic eminence: Cleveland, Roosevelt and Wilson. They seem to have been thrown into a special relief of vividness and distinction by the banality of Coolidge and Harding; and there is something almost pathetic about the eagerness with which we read about them, and the dullness and meagerness of most of what we read. Miss Colman's book sounds as if it had been compiled from the files of the daily papers, and contains nothing which we might not expect to find there. Mrs. Jaffray's and Mr. Amos' books contribute some information which is new, but are both in the nature of back-stairs gossip by irreproachably respectful subordinates —Mrs. Jaffray having been housekeeper to the White House from the advent of the Tafts to the second ad-

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ministration of the Coolidges, and Mr. Amos, Roosevelt's colored valet.

Mrs. Jaffray seems not to have found the Coolidges entirely sympathetic. Though she remained in the White House four years after Coolidge became President, she rarely, she says, conversed with him. On one of these infrequent occasions, he had happened to come into Mrs. Coolidge's room while Mrs. Jaffray was there, on the night of a state dinner. She asked him if he had seen the dining-room. He briefly replied that he had. "Didn't you think it was beautiful?" she asked. "Yes, it's all right," he answered, "with his peculiar Vermont accent." Had he gone down into the kitchen? "Yes," he said, "and I don't see why we have to have six hams for one dinner. It seems an awful lot of ham to me." She explained that there would be sixty at dinner and that she had counted one ham to ten people. "Well, six hams," he doggedly replied, "look like an awful lot to me." "There was no need to argue, so I left the room."

When Mrs. Jaffray had to make special trips to New York to buy furnishings or linen for the White House, she was allowed by the government only four dollars and a half a day, so that Taft and Wilson had been in the habit of supplementing this amount out of their own pockets. Harding and Coolidge neglected, however, to carry on this custom. One gets the impression, though she does not say so, that the elimination of Mrs. Jaffray from the White House household was a part of the Coolidge economy. "Personally," she writes, "I have always felt that the President's time was much too important for the small details of housekeeping, but that is a matter of personal opinion. The White House is run in the most economical way possible and the actual White House expenses of President Coolidge during the past four years have averaged less than $1,000 a month. I think it is quite safe to say that President Coolidge has been able to save $50,000 a year during all the time he has been in the White House." She then, however, with magnificent tact, goes on to remark that it is deplorable that the government should have made no provision for the pensioning of its ex-presidents.

James Amos' picture of Roosevelt—especially after Mrs. Jaffray's of Coolidge—is an exceedingly attractive one. Roosevelt seems to appear at his best in his domestic relations. Amos insists—and one can perfectly believe him—that Roosevelt was by no means an irascible or domineering person, but quite gentle, good-humored and placid. No doubt it requires a certain basic innocence and simplicity to see the world—as Roosevelt did, and that entirely, one feels sure, without hypocrisy—as a white and black melodrama, with one's political opponents as the villains. Roosevelt was charming with his children—coming, says Amos, "from a solemn conference, involving tremendous consequences" and with the prospect the next day of "a gruelling battle with Congress or party leaders," he would be found playing with his little sons and daughters, "on all fours, dodging pillows and scrambling about the floor . . . often with all the youngsters piled on top of him." And he was happy in his relations with his children precisely because he was himself so close to them in heart and in mind. For the same reason, he was successful with the American public of his day. He appealed to all that was immature and naïve in the American people—to the boyish imagination which likes to hunt and collect bird's eggs, to read about the Wild West, to hear George M. Cohan, in some musical comedy, score off the English nobility—to hear of womanhood bravely defended and treachery ringingly denounced. To the grown-up American public of his period, Roosevelt was Dan Beard, Fenimore Cooper, Old and Young King Brady and Frank Merriwell all in one.

He was also (aside from his genius in action as a practical statesman and politician) something more than this. In his curious restricted way—as it were, all in the flat—he was a full-length citizen of the world. It is easy to scoff at Roosevelt's omnivorous reading—(Amos says that he would turn the pages so fast you could not believe he saw what was on them); and it is probable that if he had thought more, he could not have read so much. Mr. William Orcutt, in a volume of memoirs, tells of Roosevelt's picking up a translation of Hérédia's sonnets. "Ah, yes!" he said (I tell the story from memory). "Let me show you something!" He turned to a poem containing a line which the translator had rendered, "The torrid currents of the Polar Sea" (or something of the sort).

"Now, by George!" said Roosevelt, "I'll bet you didn't know that the Polar Sea really *does* have warm currents!" And he went on to explain why. It is easy to laugh, as I have said, at the ideas which, for Roosevelt, were awakened by the sight of a volume of Hérédia. Yet is it not better to have at least a geographical knowledge of the world—(and Roosevelt's grasp of geography was really remarkable)—and, as it were, a biographical knowledge—(it is improbable that any other President of the United States had ever heard of Hérédia)—than, like certain of his successors, no knowledge of the world at all?

Is it not true that even such intelligence, such imagination, and such dramatic sense as distinguished Roosevelt—and the different set of qualities which distinguished Wilson—have a positive value quite apart from, and perhaps equally important with, the wisdom or effectiveness of a President's policies? To act on the imaginations of a people is to affect their morale, and to affect their morale is to affect their work and their social relations. Such stimulus to the imagination is the justification, in countries which still have them, for the expense of the upkeep of a court—which serves as a device for securing the prestige and romance of the government, irrespective of the merits of the ruler. Is it conceivable, for example, that under either Roosevelt or Wilson—imperfect political leaders as one may think them—the newspapers could ever have been given up, as they have recently been, to the brutalities and squalors of crime, with all the questions which might conceivably interest the rational part of humanity relegated to second place or no place? Harding's debasement left us demoralized; Coolidge's silence leaves us blank: a capacity for not expressing himself is a very dubious virtue in a President. It remained for Lindbergh and Byrd to rescue us from Papa Browning, Willie Stevens, and Mrs. Snyder. We were starved for a national hero, and the famine is not yet at an end.

EDMUND WILSON.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Refuge for the Oppressed

SIR: Armando Borghi, citizen of Italy, and anti-Fascist editor, faces deportation from the United States into the hands of his Fascist enemies, which almost certainly means death.

The American Civil Liberties Union is waging a fight to obtain for Borghi the right to remain here until conditions in Italy become settled or to leave this country at his own expense for some other country than Italy where he may be allowed to live in peace. We are appealing to the Department of Labor at Washington to regard him as the political refugee he is, and to grant him the old-fashioned right of political asylum in this country.

Borghi entered the United States as a temporary visitor on November 9, 1926. He is held for deportation to Italy on charges that he remained in the United States beyond the four months allowed him and that he is an anarchist, here in violation of the Immigration Act.

In answer to the first charge, Borghi has stated that it was his impression, after obtaining legal advice, that his visa was good for one year. When he attempted to have his passport extended, the Italian Consul at Boston took it away instead, stating that Borghi is not "qualified to be an Italian citizen" because of his anti-Fascist views.

As to the second charge, Borghi admits that he is a philosophical anarchist. He stated specifically in his examinations that he does not believe in violence against constituted authority or government officials.

His deportation, in the face of his professed anti-Fascist views, means death—either execution under the forms of the Fascist courts instituted specially to punish political offenders, or at the hands of the Fascist mob. Borghi's house in Italy has been burned by the Fascists. His son has been rechristened and not allowed to leave the country, but is held as hostage to insure his father's return.

Will those who are interested in aiding in Borghi's defense send a contribution to the fund being raised by the American Civil Liberties Union to help fight against his deportation to Italy?

LUCILLE B. MILNER,
Field Secretary, American Civil Liberties Union.

New York City.

Fallacies about Food

SIR: Mr. L. M. Hussey's amiable discourse on "Fallacies about Food," in your July 27 issue, proves his own complete satisfaction with the ordinary diet which we call civilized today, but, for New Republic readers, that does not seem quite enough. Similar articles crop up fast in magazines whose advertising departments cater to vested interests of the food industries. For people who want to be reassured about their old food habits, this is just the sort of thing they like to read. The New Republic's presentations being normally several layers more profound, one hopes the New Republic may soon choose an authoritative diet reformer to state his opposing side of the case.

What really matters is not anyone's individual likings, but the necessities and the advantage of the race. What sincere diet reformers seek is biological truth, as much obscured now by commercializations as by the fads that Mr. Hussey justly condemns.

The deplorable superficiality of Mr. Hussey's method is shown by what he fails to tell of Eskimo diet, which he cites in support of his theory of meat eating. He omits to say that the northern aborigines do not cook their meat. He omits to say that they consume the entire animal carcasses, save such hides as are suitable for apparel, or bones for utensils. And he is in error in suggesting that they live "almost exclusively" on animal food, for they consume, in fact, enormous quantities of mosses and sea vegetation as well. Really scientific diet research leads to the view that man is biologically vegetarian; primitive races that have been forced to use animal food survive, like the Eskimos, because they consume much more nearly than ourselves the entire animal, usually uncooked, and because, even in the extreme north, animal constituents of diet are supplemented by the most copious use of vegetable foods.

WILLIAM E. COMFORT.

Montreal, Canada.

The Barclay-Vesey Building

SIR: Mr. Shaemas O'Sheel has brought up an interesting point about the Barclay-Vesey Building. Is it awry, or has it that vitality of line which the Gothic architects sometimes achieved by deviation from mathematical centers? My analysis was based upon the feeling the building gave me: with many of the qualities that I admire in big buildings present, it nevertheless left me uncomfortable in the backbone; and after a little uneasy search I finally placed the difficulty in the lack of relation between the upper and lower parts of the mass. The Barclay-Vesey Building seems to me to fall between two possibilities: had the angle formed by the north and south streets been a little nearer the right angle, the lack of relation would not have been felt and the effect would probably have been better than a true parallel; or, had the architects any real freedom in planning the mass, they might have accentuated the contrasting planes and carried this effect up through the central mass itself. As the problem was put to them, I fancy they could follow neither course. I have no bias in favor of balance or symmetry, to say nothing of right angles; but I conceive that the clash of planes should have been much bolder and more deliberate, or that it should not obtrude at all. How the designer of the building felt about the matter, I have no notion; but to me the final effect is disappointing. Did Mr. O'Sheel ever see the west façade of the Shelton before its approach was obstructed? That was a complete triumph of imaginative art. I don't think that the mass of the Barclay-Vesey Building approaches it.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Chilmark, Massachusetts.

They Hanged Them

SIR: You too! I did not expect to find in the columns of the New Republic the vulgar myth which imputes witch-burning to the people of Salem. It was perhaps not a proper matter for surprise that a research chemist should himself fall into this pit while pointing out the errors of popular pseudo-science; for a research chemist can hardly be held to accuracy in historical allusions. But that the Editorial Staff should let this pass and thus seem to confirm the error is certainly a shock to one's confidence. As the New Republic is read by many young people who ought not to be taught untruth, even when it is at the expense of the Puritans, I suggest that the least you can do in penance is to print in small caps:

NO WITCHES WERE EVER BURNED IN SALEM.

J. H. TUFTS.

Chicago, Illinois.

"Back to Locke"

SIR: As an addition to the article by Mr. Ayres in your issue of July 27, may I call attention to that admirable little treatise by Locke on "The Conduct of the Understanding?" For common sense, practical prevention or correction of foggy, muddy thinking, it is unique. To all students and literary workers it may be commended unreservedly.

W. S. GLANVILLE.

New Market, Maryland.

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A Real Public

The Public and its Problems, by John Dewey. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 224 pages. $2.50.

PROFESSOR DEWEY'S lectures on the Larwill Foundation of Kenyon College, of which the present volume is a reprint, were undoubtedly the result of his interest in the questions raised by Mr. Walter Lippmann in his well known studies, "Public Opinion" and "The Phantom Public." In the latter, Mr. Lippmann takes a skeptical attitude toward the possibility of organizing the public in respect to the interests which belong to it in its proper character. He calls attention to the diversity of its preoccupations, the complexity of the questions which confront it, each demanding thought and study, the growing indifference of the average man to a politic which seems year after year more remote from his immediate aims. The most for which he hopes seems to be an organization of the people by groups, each drawn together by some aim and directed by the policy of its achievement, among which, in their inevitable conflicts, the ghostly public may be recalled to life from time to time to act as a sort of impartial arbiter. Other critics have recently expressed, from one point of view or another, somewhat the same skepticism of the instrumentation of democracy—notably Mr. Wyndham Lewis in "The Art of Being Ruled," and Mr. H. G. Wells in his novelized essay, "The World of William Clissold." Our readers who recall his criticism on Mr. Lippmann's "Phantom Public" (New Republic, December 2, 1925) will be prepared for the position which Professor Dewey expounds fully in his present volume. It is not so much a defense of democratic theory as an examination of the circumstances under which it came into being and the conditions necessary to its working—not so much a recipe for organizing the community into a democratically effective public as a statement of specifications without which this objective is unattainable.

Professor Dewey opens his discussion with a consideration of various theories of the state. As a pragmatist, starting from the facts of human activity, he notes that man is naturally an associative animal; his acts have consequences upon others, some direct and some indirect, and when the "indirect consequences are recognized and there is an effort to regulate them, something having the traits of a state comes into existence." The state, through its officials, is thus the organ through which the public manifests itself in its concern lest the unrestricted play of private interests should bring evil to all not directly participating in them. The state is but one phase of society, the representation of one social interest, though such an important one that, at times, it takes precedence of all others; but Professor Dewey seems to warn us that there is no sense in exaggerating the authority of the state by imparting to it any mystical or supernatural sanction. It is an expression of what has come into existence as a result of the operation of habits formed through the naturally associative character of human action.

Historically, there has been a constant shifting of interests between the realms of private and public concern. Behavior in intellectual and religious matters has, in general, ceased to be the concern of the public and has been relegated to the private mind and conscience; on the other hand, behavior in matters of general utility, upon which customary pursuits depend, tends, as a matter of common convenience, to come within the scope of the state. The highroads and the post office have long since become affairs of the state; the railroads and other modes of communication may logically follow. When, in transactions among men, the parties are strikingly unequal in status, and one is likely to suffer, the consequences may be so serious to the body politic as to justify the intervention of the public, for example, in regulating conditions of labor and establishing a minimum wage. The state is not merely an umpire to settle disputes among contending groups: it is a mode of activity to which no limits can be set—which varies in functions according to circumstances, and is to be regulated by experiment.

That the democratic state is a very imperfect instrument and deserves much of the criticism heaped upon it, Professor Dewey frankly admits. In explanation he points out that the great revolution which changed the face of society, which brought enormous masses of population into existence and enormously complicated the circumstances and consequences of human association, was the result of the application of science and technology in a world where there were no forms of public control fitted to cope with such conditions. Under the sheer weight of humanity, democracy became a condition, not a theory. But government was in the hands of the representatives of dynastic or privileged interests. The public had first of all to gain the right to select its own representatives, and these, when chosen, were but human beings who had their own private interests to serve, and found ample precedent for placing them ahead of public service. There came about, therefore, a distrust of government and an effort to limit its functions. At the same time the doctrine of individual right was born, and the conception of government as having for its sole end the protection of these natural rights. This theory was agreeable to the release of activities on the part of the "new men," the masters of industry who achieved a dominance in which they have never been shaken. The distrust of government was increased by the fact that in its established modes it was restrictive of the development of new agencies of production and distribution, and the doctrine of natural economic laws, as over against artificial political regulations, combined with the theory of individual rights to give birth to *laissez faire*. At the same time, the philosophy of natural economics ignored the institution which above all others stood in the way of industry, that of the legal status of private property, inherited from the pre-industrial age. It was in this welter of inherited habits and new thought, well exemplified in the anomalous character of the Liberal party in Great Britain, of ancient privilege taken over by modern ambition, that democracy was forced to create its institutions. It is no wonder that " 'The new age of human relationships' has no political agencies worthy of it," and that "the democratic public is still largely inchoate and unorganized."

The haphazard character and the incompleteness of which this history is witness account amply for "the eclipse of the public" which Professor Dewey, like Mr. Lippmann, deplores. The lack of adjustment between our inadequate political structures and our inherited habits of thought on the one hand, and the demands of a great industrialized society on the other, is the reason for it. It is not that there is no public, but that "the public is too diffused and scattered and too intricate in composition." "This inchoate public is capable of organization only when indirect consequences are perceived, and when it is possible to project agencies which order their occurrence." And such perception and projection are functions of social science. Professor Dewey's hope of discovering

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the means by which a "scattered, mobile and manifold public may so recognize itself as to define and express its interests"—that is, of attaining a true science of society—gains an antecedent plausibility from the analogy of what has happened in the realm of natural science. This progressed only after the *a priori* method was abandoned in favor of observation and experiment—"the analysis of what is going on and why it goes on." Such a proceeding is only beginning with respect to the social sciences. "The prime condition of a democratically organized public is a kind of knowledge and insight which does not yet exist."

The first necessity is freedom of social inquiry and of distribution of its conclusions, for "there can be no public without full publicity in respect to all consequences which concern it." To say that we have any such freedom at present is absurd. Even where legal restrictions have been diminished, "there is a social pathology which works powerfully against effective inquiry into social institutions and conditions." The initiation of a scientific plan of social inquiry and its persistent exercise in contemporary matters, the extension of the experimental method under its guidance to human affairs, the correlation of all social studies in its support—these are the chief means available for the organization of the public.

The basis of Professor Dewey's faith in democracy is the fact that man is by nature associative, prone to common action. As he says in "Experience and Nature," "shared activity is the greatest of human goods." The second article is belief in the power of communication to unite men in the realization of this good. A third article of faith is in intelligence as an element in the human experiment with a power to affect results. As he points out, the classical economists dealt with economic agencies on a purely physical level; the results of such agencies are different when "knowledge of consequences is equitably distributed and action is animated by an informed and lively sense of a shared interest." A fourth article is belief in the power of art to release man from inhibitions which thwart him in achieving his highest joy and deepest good in shared activity, and to enlist his emotional response in the effort for their realization. "The function of art has always been to break through the crust of conventionalized and routine consciousness"—and, as Mr. Havelock Ellis remarks, art is the great solvent of the possessive habit, because it enables us to enjoy without possession. A fifth article is belief in elementary education, as a means to the formation of habits of associated action; and in adult education, the improvement of the methods of debate, discussion, and persuasion. A sixth article is restoration of local communal life, through which the public can "resolve its most urgent problem: to find and identify itself."

I have called these articles of faith, although Professor Dewey explains that he sets them forth only as specifications of conditions which are indispensable to the organization of the democratic public. Whether he holds them as a matter of personal belief or not, he states them with such persuasive earnestness that they become to others the basis of a renewed faith and a lively hope, a guide to action as well as belief. Professor Dewey has performed in politics the service of the philosopher for which we were already indebted to him in education, in ethics and in art, that of expounding the method of man's progress by taking account of his native tendencies through a larger knowledge of his own structure and capacities, through the achievement of a genuine human science.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Politics in the Past

The Spirit of '76 and Other Essays, by Carl Becker, J. M. Clark, and William E. Dodd. Washington: The Robert Brookings Graduate School. 135 pages. $1.25.

IT IS not often that American citizens are offered, within the compass of a little volume, so much information and wisdom in a genial style by writers of their own nationality, as in this assembly of three lectures by Carl Becker, J. M. Clark, and William E. Dodd, delivered before the Robert Brookings Graduate School last year. Nominally the studies are historical in form, but they escape altogether the severe limits set by Clio's academic votaries, in that they are suffused by warm thought, melting stubborn facts into a philosophic view of man and nature. The first of them takes the shape of a mythical manuscript giving an account of the spiritual evolution of one Jeremiah Wynkoop, a respectable, God-fearing subject of King George III, a prosperous merchant in New York City, given to the study of classical writings and English political theory. This moral and intellectual development ran through the momentous years 1765-1776, beginning with doubts respecting the "constitutionality" (O blessed word) of the Stamp Act, passing along a tortuous course of action and justification, and ending in a mild, hesitant, but sufficient-unto-the-day acceptance of the once dangerous doctrines of Mr. Jefferson. Everything seems to be here—so much that one must keep one's wits to take it in. Even the way Mr. Wynkoop happened to become associated with John Lamb and the "dirty radicals" is brought quietly and cleverly into the record—as it were presenting Mr. John Spargo at the court of Mr. Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Becker's essay must be studied to be appreciated, and, by way of preparation, the reader had better master the author's earlier work on political parties in New York and Mr. Schlesinger's big volume on the merchants and the Revolution. This account of a visit to the interior of a respectable revolutionary mind seems to be all set to become a classic.

In a more academic form, but clothed in good humor, is Mr. Clark's discourse on Adam Smith—an eloquent oration, in fact; defining eloquence as "the art of saying everything without going to the Bastille." About all the tricks of the academic trade are here listed, classified, employed, laughed at softly, and considered seriously. Mr. Clark makes short work of the hero-busting business, shows how the pile of ordered and disordered verbiage known in college catalogues as economics must be studied in the light of environment, not under the shadow of Olympus, puts A. Smith into his proper setting, enumerates his chief contributions to economic theory, discusses his logical shortcomings, and speculates on the way the Scotch metaphysician would view the scenic display of changeful capitalism today. While Mr. Clark does refer, in passing, to the possibility of a "scientific system"—whatever that may mean—his general command is: "All hands to the pump! We are afloat (that is, everybody except the Pope and Mr. Belloc), running with the current, somewhere, God knows, but pumping out the bilge will help us!" Of course, Mr. Clark would never say anything so undignified from his chair at Columbia, but that seems to be the nautical conclusion to which the present reader is led by the tendency of the argument.

The third and last of these essays, by Mr. Dodd, is more restricted in scope—a running narrative of revolutionary events in Virginia from the spring of 1775 until

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the opening of the following year, with Patrick Henry, the idol of the yeomanry, as the hero of the drama. As Carlyle would say, our learned author waves his torch about in the dim mists of those distant Virginia days, revealing flesh-and-blood persons at work resisting the king's officers, differing among themselves as to what they are about, disputing on the proper course to take, and at last driven by a destiny not exactly of their own choosing into the way that led to the revolution pointed out by the radical orator from the agrarian interior—making the transit from treason to glorious Fourth-of-July respectability with a certain degree of seemliness. So we have another corner of 1776 illuminated in Mr. Dodd's unique style.

Judging from these essays, the adding-machine discipline to which American universities subject doctors of philosophy cannot destroy supple minds. As a Japanese friend, in speaking of Buddhism, once remarked to me: "A good man can live down almost any religion."

CHARLES A. BEARD.

New Wine in Old Bottles

Declining Liberty and Other Papers, by the Rev. John A. Ryan, D. D. New York: The Macmillan Company. 350 pages. $4.

THE papers which the Reverend Dr. Ryan republishes from various Catholic periodicals deal with present-day questions of ethics, politics, and economy. In each case he gives his interpretation of the Catholic viewpoint, and on the whole, even when propounding "advanced" opinions, keeps within the landmarks of orthodoxy. Sometimes, however, he ventures dangerously close to heterodoxy, as when, in the paper "If I Were President," he writes that he would provide for Congress "concurrent power with the states to regulate marriage and divorce." Interference in such matters would occasion to most Catholics, trained in Canon Law, serious scruples.

Dr. Ryan does not see eye to eye with his fellow theologians as regards the ethics of war. "Our textbooks of moral theology and moral philosophy," he writes, "are lamentably inadequate in their exposition of the ethical principles of peace and war." This condemnation embraces a vast multitude, for there have been few Catholic theologians or philosophers who have not treated of this fairly ancient question. Dr. Ryan deals severely with the protagonists of birth control, accusing them of basing generalities "upon a partial consideration of facts, and upon hypotheses and assumptions which they make no attempt to prove." He does not, apparently, agree with Father Vincent McNabb of London, who frankly admits that the Catholic Church, in approving of abstention from intercourse, when economic difficulties face the married couple, implicitly accepts the *principle* of birth control. The real gravamen of the Church is against the methods employed in birth control, and not against the theory.

The paper which will, no doubt, attract most attention, is that which Dr. Ryan devotes to the "Civic Loyalty of Catholics." In this paper, Dr. Ryan follows out the policy of American Catholics, namely, that of silence concerning the Syllabus of Pius IX. Does he not think that a faithful adherence to the Syllabus would fetter the hands of any staunch Catholic who might hold the highest administrative power in the State? Only "enemies of the Church" regard the Syllabus as "the Pope's declaration of war on the modern state," (Catholic Encyclopedia), but why are the Church's advocates afraid or ashamed to put it before the public when dealing, as Dr. Ryan does, with the "Civic Loyalty of Catholics"? All Catholics are bound to accept the Syllabus; to give it their full interior and exterior assent; and to regard it as the decision of the Pope speaking as universal teacher and judge. Many theologians accept it as infallible; all have to bow to its teaching. However, Dr. Ryan holds that, in the question of the possibility of allegiance to Rome conflicting with civic duties, "reference to the Pope in any capacity is irrelevant."

By way of criticism of the volume as a whole, one is forced to think that Dr. Ryan does not succeed very well in his effort to show that the new wine of modern thought can be securely and religiously bottled in the gourds designed by medieval theologians.

E. BOYD BARRETT.

White Lightning

Hippolytus Temporizes, by H. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 139 pages. $5.

THE classicism implied in the title of this little drama, by one of the most distinguished of living lyrical poets, need not intimidate any modern reader. Myths, genealogical exercises, all the stiff paraphernalia of official classicism, are altogether secondary: the dry light of erudition pales before the brightness of this fervid personality that can evoke a dead world through the sharp apprehension of the senses. H. D. is Alexandrian rather than Augustan. That is to say, almost alone among English poets, she has tried to probe beneath the scattered surface to "the very form, the very scent" of a beautiful and half forgotten antiquity. Alexandrian, also, in that the mood is nostalgic, the passion charged with a kind of fierce desperation. Discarding the attractions of lexicon and atlas, she has depended on intuition to bring her ever closer to that central essence, "fire and ice," of what we are accustomed to call the Greek spirit. There is a sense, striking one now for the first time, in which she seems even more intimately allied to that spirit than some of the later Greeks themselves—Euripides, for example, who likewise wrote a drama on the story of Hippolytus.

It is appropriate that this legend should be specially favored, already in her lyrics and now in this play, by one whose theme has so frequently been the strife between the beauty of austerity and the energy of passion. The chaste Hippolytus and the dark Cretan princess become universalized figures, pitted against each other in an antagonism that is inevitable as well as fatal. Artemis represents an ideal of spiritual perfection which even her most devoted worshiper realizes he may never attain:

> Nay wild and sweet,
> but song may yet entrap you,
> fire and rhythm
> may yet contain the ecstasy
> and the heat—
> cold like white lightning.

The final note of the play is something like the conviction implicit in these lines: that perfection may best be sought in the cold beauty and high loneliness of poetry.

The drama is not, as may be supposed, based on the strict pattern of Greek tragedy. Although H. D. has borrowed much from the past, she has always found her forms in the present, an idiosyncrasy that has probably rendered

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her suspect in both camps. The device of stichomythia, effectively used throughout, is, of course, a loan from the Greek. But, on the whole, the affinity is modern, Yeats or Francis Vielé-Griffin, the French poet whose resemblance to H. D. is so extraordinary. In treating the material, she follows previous models, except that Phædra seduces Hippolytus by means of a ruse instead of the usual love-potion. The characterization is slight, every syllable strained in the effort to extract and amplify the lyrical deposit of each scene. For, to this poet, the principal appeal of the legend is as a medium for lyrical enunciation, as to Euripides it was a convenient frame for dialectic, or to Racine a natural vehicle for the rhetoric of his age.

To be questioned, however, is how much H. D. has gained by turning to this ineffectual type of poetic drama. Her lyrics on the same subject, one of which is here reprinted, possessed a superior evenness and solidity. The tenuous thought and fastidious precision of phrase produce a peculiar effect of feebleness in the mouths of dramatic characters. This is accentuated by the arrangement of the lines and also by the expensive format, which seems to magnify the few faults.

WILLIAM TROY.

The Second Book of Samuel

I, the Jew, by Maurice Samuel. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 275 pages. $2.50.

THE Jewish consciousness has had a positive stimulus in the Jew himself and a negative stimulus in his contactual world. Wherever the Jewishness has had positive origins, it is manifested in an inclusive philosophy, viz., Waldo Frank and unanimism. Wherever it has found expression because of negative pressures, it is a diffused sentimentality, viz., the Jewishness of Ludwig Lewisohn. Mr. Maurice Samuel's Jewishness originates in Jewish contacts, is diverted (negative pressure) by non-Jewish contacts, returns to native channels. If his description of his conversion back to Judaism seem to be illogical, it is because he absolutizes his experiences, and relates the absolutes as cause and effect. The fault he finds with science in Book I is just this personal fault. Any contact with a non-Jewish world at the time would have been a diversion. To condemn science as guilty of proselytizing without the compensation of a realized world is to give the diversion universal significance and an heroic dimension. The diversion from Jewishness is, in a person like Mr. Samuel, a pause in a development of which he is, at the time, unconscious. The danger is not in the diversion, but in the sentimentality which accompanies this pause in racial apprehension. In Mr. Samuel's instance, it was a glorification of science. And now, upon attaining to an intense race-consciousness, science is inglorious. If Mr. Samuel has colored his love with virtues not hers, is she less virtuous for not realizing these gratuities? It is an old, old lament.

Why Mr. Samuel calls upon his young kin to deny science finds an answer in his adventure with it. But as he has absolutized science, so he absolutizes his adventure. His intensity carries him too far. It sustains his vocabulary but defeats his judgment. The Jew can no more than the non-Jew deny a powerful presence and an agency. That science is not an end or an absolute does not deny its agency. Does Mr. Samuel hope to build Zion without this agency?

The book answers very little to the need of the critical-minded young Jew with a racial interest. Zionism indicates to him no way to a synthesis within, let us say, America. Mr. Samuel's non-Jewish world is England, in its greater homogeneity offering to the Jew sharper contrast. On the whole, however, Zionism calls from the Western Jew charitable sympathy rather than active participation. It is my belief that the Jew has not contributed, as Jew, to the culture or art of the modern world, simply because he has been distracted from the source of this culture or art. The source is very close in time, and the art very close in form and essence, close, not only to the Jew, but to the entire Occident. It is not the culture or art of the testament, and certainly the art that has come from Palestine in recent years shows very little inspiration or native technique. The Jewish art which will inform the art of the Jew is that which originated in Russia and Poland in the thirteenth century, and which is still active, particularly among the Jewish sign-painters. A few artists, notably the formidable Chagall, have utilized this art and converted it into a contemporary idiom. Then from another source comes the poetic art of a Jehuda Halevi, whose dynamic rhythms and "heightened consciousness" relate immediately to numerous modern poets from Walt Whitman to Hart Crane. I make this seeming digression to indicate that the Jewishness for which Mr. Samuel is an advocate does not imply necessarily a passion for Zion or Judaism. Certainly Mr. Samuel is right in his denunciation of the Reform Jew for the latter's reduction of the ritualistic phrase to a bad paraphrase. This, however, is one symptom of the escape from a particular form of Jewishness which is today incompetent. Judaism as conduct has little meaning to the Jew; to him it is a closet-morality, and his acceptance of it is either tentative or peripheral. The young alert Jew with some experience in the cultures of the world cannot accept his elder's talmudic wisdom as more than a mnemonic knowledge acquired through specialization and the rejection of other cultures.

Maurice Samuel resembles this elder Jew. While it is evident he has an intimacy with various knowledges, he is unable to fuse them positively. He gets through them by elimination rather than by inclusion. This is *his* escape. His intense, good writing may surmount the triteness of certain attitudes, but it cannot surmount this weight of absolutized experience. It is in the gradations of experiences, in their combinations, that the relevant answer is found. Mr. Samuel may be satisfied with the answer to himself. But a book must have a value to others concerned with its concern. I, a Jew, find nothing suggested in it to include in the formulation of my conduct, my synthesis.

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN.

Fiction Notes

Evelyn Grainger, by George F. Hummel. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

WITH a heavy but obstetric hand, Mr. Hummel makes a full report on the case of Evelyn Grainger. From her childhood to the over-ripe age of sixty, we are made to give her our close attention, and we are spared few details, physical or otherwise. Through the successive stages of flirtation, trial engagement, marriage, adultery, abortion, remarriage, and final divorce, we watch her exhibit herself, and at the end we do not like her a bit better than when she began. When at last she bobs her gray hair and vanishes smiling, we feel as though we had spent some time in the gynecological ward.

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As Mr. Hummel is the doctor, to him his patient does not seem abnormal, but we cannot help thinking that his enthusiasm for her is the perfectly understandable but not wholly communicable enthusiasm of a specialist for his pet disease. The book is conscientiously, but not well, written. It is, after all, not a novel but a case study, to be filed away in the same pigeon-hole with H. G. Wells' "Marriage," though much nearer the bottom than the top of that pile.

The Honorable Picnic, by Thomas Raucat. Translated by Leonard Cline. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

WHEN Japanese suavity is served up with French wit, the result is a dish for a gourmet. An amorous European diplomat picks up a pretty Japanese girl at an Exposition in Tokyo, and invites her to go with him to Katase on a picnic, quite without honorable intentions. The would-be *tête-à-tête* enlarges itself, in spite of him, to complicated proportions, and the arrangements and counter-arrangements evolve into a series of blended intrigues whose delicate tang we savor through the tongue of each principal character in turn. Throughout is discernible a faint flavor of burlesque and a sufficient seasoning of satire. The story ends a little sweetly—to an Anglo-Saxon palate—in a sugar-plum of aphrodisiac disguised as sentiment. But the whole thing is a delightful *hors d'oeuvre,* of the kind whose successful artifice is the despair of American and English chefs.

There Was Once a City, by Godfrey E. Turton. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

OCCASIONALLY one meets a person who scorns to be explicit. He speaks elliptically, and sometimes with the eyebrow alone. Unless we are in the mood for it, or happen to know him well, his conversation is puzzling, and probably the best we are able to do is to murmur "Ah!" and look knowing. There are books like that, and "There Was Once a City" is one of them. Of the general type of "Prince Otto," it begins agreeably enough, with the usual setting of a small Middle-European monarchy, a beautiful ruling Princess, and light-opera intrigue. But mysterious characters begin to appear; the characters we thought we knew begin (and never finish) cryptic, veiled allusions which are never explained; and at the denouement we are completely and finally baffled. If this be symbolism, make the most of it.

Store of Ladies, by Louis Golding. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MEREDITH is dead, and perhaps some people are sorry. Mr. Golding apparently is, for he has tried to revive him. "Store of Ladies" tells of the hopeless infatuation of a rich middle-aged widow for a lithe young prize-fighter from Bermondsey, who already has his Emma, but consents to be kept until he amasses enough money to be married. Not a theme that Meredith would have handled, yet the author does it deftly enough, in a fair imitation of his master's manner. But the feeling of incongruity between matter and style grows upon us as we read. The story Mr. Golding has to tell was a very human one, and by his occasional lapses into humanity we see how true and touching he might have made it; but he has been content to be clever. As a *tour de force* the book is perhaps worthy of admiration—of the sort we might accord to a cook who scrambled an egg while standing upon her head. But such a procedure would not improve the egg; nor, it may be suspected, the cook.

The White and Gold Lady, by Foxhall Daingerfield. New York: Doran. $2.

ONLY a calloused, devil-may-care novel reader will be apt to get far enough into the stilted graces of "The White and Gold Lady" to read to the end; but he will be rewarded. The old theme of young lovers and avenging husband is laid in a Kentucky town of the early nineteenth century, when gentlemen were mighty fine gentlemen and darkies were mighty fine servants. The shadow of the movies grows darker on every page, but suddenly takes a deeper tint, and as the climax approaches, these puppets drop their posturing for a pathetic naturalness. As they move swiftly to their illogical, unhappy, and inevitable end, even a calloused novel-reader cannot follow them without emotion.

Circus Parade, by Jim Tully. New York: A. and C. Boni. $2.50.

JIM TULLY is so goddam hard-boiled that his spit bounces. Consequently, when Mr. Tully holds forth, we are apt to give him our rapt, not to say scared, attention. And this is silly, because Mr. Tully is really not so much. He calls himself a professional writer, but so did Al Jennings. The truth is that he doesn't know how to write, and never will. But he could tell a good hard-boiled tale, if he would only keep his soft-boiled comments to himself. When he lets his gang of rough-necks alone, to talk and act without prompting from him, the effect is often brutal and powerful, and sometimes tragic; but as a prompter, Mr. Tully makes a good hobo. Though he is a bad writer, however, he is not negligible, for he marches with that scarecrow crowd, the literary Coxey's Army, who are advancing amid cat-calls against the outposts of polite literature. And if polite literature gets a little hell knocked out of it, or into it, many a right-minded man will be damn glad.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Contributors

"POLITICAL ECONOMIST" is the pseudonym of an authority in this field who has had exceptional opportunity to observe the workings of the federal taxation system. He is the author of "Big Incomes and Small Taxes," in the New Republic of May 25, 1927.

ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS is the author of a book on the Russian people, of which "Comrade Count Medem Sees It Through" will form one of the chapters, to be published shortly by the New Republic in its dollar series.

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